

# The Sign



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## *The Mass*

BY ✠ NEIL McNEILL, D. D.

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FROM THE GREEK

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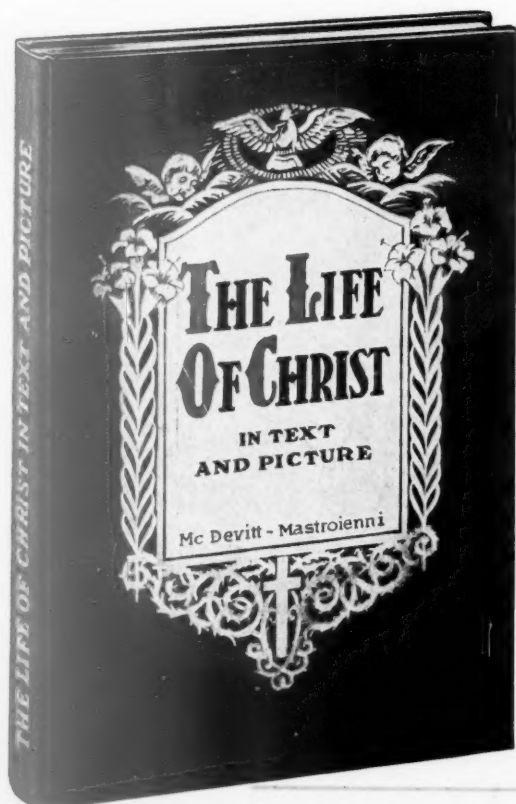
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CONTENTS, DECEMBER, 1926

Current Fact and Comment .....	261
Sovietized Mexico—Confusing the Pagans —The Marlborough Case—Leaving It to Nature.	
Gloria In Excelsis .....	265
From the Gospel Narrative	
Categorica .....	270
The Sign Post .....	273
The Mass .....	277
By ✱ Neil McNeil	
The Crib .....	279
By Enid Dinnis	
A Christmas Offering .....	283
By Violet O'Connor	
Archconfraternity Comment .....	284
Amos .....	285
By P. J. O'Connor Duffy	
The Christmas Candle .....	288
By Jessie F. Edgerly	
Belen .....	289
By Constance Edgerton	
Mothers .....	290
By Hugh F. Blunt, LL. D.	
The Sanhedrin .....	291
By Placid Wareing, C. P.	
The King .....	293
By J. Corson Miller	
The Discovery .....	294
By Richard J. Cushing	
Dawn .....	295
By Cathal Canty	
The Infallibles .....	296
By John B. Mullin	
Bethlehem and Calvary .....	297
By Norman P. Kelly, C. P.	
Our Junior Readers .....	299
With the Passionists in China .....	305
Index to Worthwhile Books .....	315

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## *Christmas: An Annual Feast with an Every-day Meaning*

To the READERS of THE SIGN.

My Dear Friends:

Some years ago I saw a cartoon of Christmas in three pictures. Each picture represented an idea of the day as regarded by each of three classes.

The first picture depicted a merchant standing at the door of his store and smugly rubbing his hands at the sight of his numerous customers. This is the **COMMERCIAL** Christmas. For the merchant, Christmas is simply the climax of a busy selling season. To him it means bigger business and more profits.

The second picture portrayed the living room of an average American home. In a corner stood a Christmas tree. On the floor two children were playing with their toys. Around the center table was a group of happy grown-ups. This is the **SOCIAL** Christmas—a time for the giving and receiving of gifts, the exchange of merry greetings and good wishes, the re-union of hearts that love one another;—it is a jolly day for the children.

The third picture showed a stable. The radiant Infant lay in the manger. On either side of Him were the Virgin Mother and St. Joseph kneeling in adoration. This is the **RELIGIOUS** Christmas, preëminently a religious feast on which is commemorated the glad tidings of God's gift of His Only Begotten Son.

We Catholics do not envy the merchant his commercial Christmas. We rather pity him if the great day means nothing more to him than an increase in business. And it is only proper that all should have their social Christmas wherein they rejoice and are glad.

But for us Catholics, Christmas means more than business and social gaiety. For us it has a significance which it cannot have for others who believe in Christ's Name. To us it is not merely a commemoration but an actuality. It is not only the anniversary of a unique event but it is also the emphatic statement of an every-day fact—the fact of Christ's abiding presence with us.

For us Jesus Christ is not a memory but a living reality. When He came to earth He came to stay. On our altars He is as truly present as He was in the manger at Bethlehem. "God With Us" is the meaning of Christmas. "God With Us" is the meaning of the Blessed Sacrament.

In its deepest significance, then, Christmas Day is not confined to December 25; for every day throughout the year we have with us a Savior Who is Christ the Lord.

In the name of THE SIGN Staff, and of our Priests and Sisters in China, whose work for Christ the Lord you have so generously supported, I wish you the merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years.

Faithfully yours in Christ.

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*

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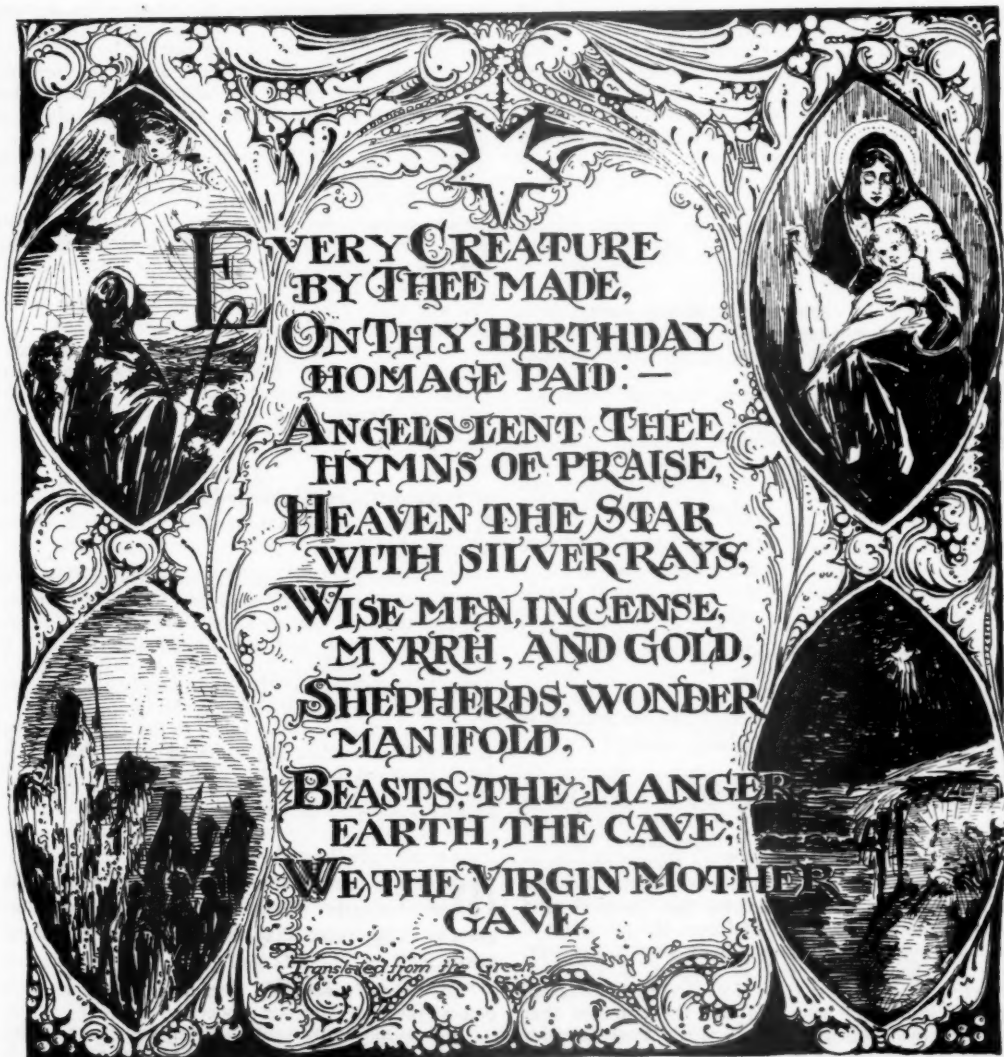
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## Sovietized Mexico

IN HIS fourth letter addressed to Mr. Harvey and published in *Liberty* Mr. Sidney Sutherland, the son of a Methodist clergyman, presents the Catholic side of the Religious War in Mexico. He begins with a tribute to the freedom of speech and press under Calles:

If you talk to one whose viewpoint coincides with the government's, you may quote him freely. Indeed, he will press upon you his name, address, vocation, and photograph.

But if you wish to publish the opinion of men and women who disagree with what is going on, you have to mask their identities in utter anonymity. It is a dangerous thing to disagree with Calles. Hence what the authorities of the Catholic Church and prominent lay members thereof think about the present anachronistic religious conflict will simply have to be the composite answer of many minds.

I cannot name them because that is to inscribe their names on a police warrant.

\* \* \*

TO THE charge that places the illiteracy of the Mexicans at the door of the Church, the answer comes:

If illiteracy is widespread in Mexico today, it is because of the government. If there is any reading and writing at all, it is because of the Catholic priesthood.

"Certainly the Church owned immense properties. Our acquisition was encouraged by Spain because we alone could keep the aborigines in peace. And, to preach, one has to stand upon something besides the air. We quickly found that it was only by grand and imposing monuments in stone and mortar that the native mind could be impressed.

"If we held large tracts of land, it was to teach our converts to cultivate it, to raise live stock on it, to bring it within the pacified areas, to make it contribute to a teeming Europe's needs. Unlike the ministers of other creeds, the Catholic clergy is not paid wages. We live on the free offerings of our flocks."

\* \* \*

Now and why the Church mixed in politics is thus stated by the Catholic leaders:

"They accuse us of mixing in politics. The Church is composed of clergy and laymen, all human beings with human rights, and the welfare of those human beings required us to protest at times against the savages sitting in the Federal and State palaces throughout the country. And when conditions became insufferable, we sometimes listened to the promises and pledges of an aspiring official and gave him our spiritual and moral support in his efforts to encompass a change, since any change must needs be a relief.

"Let the world know this: Not once has a Mexican kept his word that he would halt the practices that were destroying his land! One would have thought, indeed, that we should have been cured of our efforts to improve the situation. But because good deeds are

repulsed today is no reason for not essaying a new attempt tomorrow to bring about improvement."

\* \* \*

GREED is the cause of the diabolical onslaught of the Calles Government on Christianity:

"What have we here today? We have a Cabinet whose members are fattening on the taxes and graft wrung from a decaying commerce and a dying industry.

"Mexico has not advanced a step in her internal betterment, and she has retrograded immeasurably in her foreign relations. The government has the hatred of the helpless and leaderless millions within her frontiers, and the contempt of the civilized world without. Native and foreign business men are hopeless, desperate, nearly bankrupt. The agrarian program, trumpeted as the solution of all Mexico's ills, is based on the ancient and ever fallacious doctrine that you can get something for nothing merely by stealing it. It is based on sheer confiscation, and it has resulted, not in improving the lot of the landless Mexican, but in discouraging the man who actually was cultivating his soil.

Rich in resources, in potentialities, in a Heaven-sent destiny to become a world leader in agriculture, mining, oil production, stock raising, precious woods, what is Mexico today? An aboriginal waste, where no culture exists, where no progress is possible, where even hope has died; a country actually importing corn and beans and wheat; a country that rapidly is sliding back into the abyss of utter barbarism—the barbarism of the North American Indian.

"To what do we attribute the present onslaught against Christianity? Simply to the desire to possess themselves of our property, and to the fact that the rulers of Mexico are a sovietized, irreligious, Christ-hating band of outlaws."

\* \* \*

CORRUPTED and deluded, the unionized labor element does not realize how it is being actually betrayed:

"The unionized labor of Mexico, particularly here in the capital, is a misled, misinformed, mistaken group of ignorant men whose leaders are exploiting them, misdirecting them, and grafting on them until they have amassed millions.

"It is enough to say that the ungodly elements and the unholy gold of Moscow are being used freely to corrupt a ruling element eager to be corrupted, and to debauch a working class that does not know it is being betrayed. It is this propaganda, handled by the soviet embassy here, that is largely responsible for present conditions in Mexico.

\* \* \*

WHATEVER wealth the Church has in Mexico she got honestly. That her possessions have been greatly exaggerated may be seen from this statement:

"The whole proceeding is merely a conspiracy to possess themselves of our properties.

"And even legally—still omitting reference to our divine origin and existence—Calles has no right to confiscate our possessions and destroy our church. The



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constitution of 1917 was adopted by a set of Carrancistas in Queretaro who called themselves a national congress. Of the dozen parties in existence, only those bandits who had helped the pro-German Carranza into power were allowed to sit in that congress...

"The value of our holdings, including church buildings, monasteries, convents, schools, and the land these stand on; haciendas, stocks and bonds, cash and precious vessels, incomes, trusteeships, and personal belongings, might be estimated generously at half a billion pesos. Not so much by half as the government claims, but surely a prize worth fighting for—worth it to Calles and his avaricious cohorts, and worth it to the Catholic Church, which worked for many centuries to accumulate it."

\* \* \* \*

THE astuteness of President Calles may be thus summarized: He conceals the truth by exercising a rigid censorship over the press; he humors high finance by making substantial payments on the national debt and on Mexican bonds in Wall St.; he avoids the antagonism of foreign firms by not enforcing the Twenty-seventh article which would steal their oil lands; he holds the good will of business men by forbidding organized labor to strike at the present time; he makes no effort to enforce against the Protestant churches the diabolical laws he enforces against the Catholic Church. But for all his astuteness his day will come, as came the day of his thieving, grafting, murderous, sacrilegious predecessors!

## Confusing the Pagans

A LEADING article in the *North China Herald* dwells with regret upon the withdrawal of the China Inland Mission from the National Christian Council. Members of the Inland Mission number over a thousand and are drawn from all the Protestant countries in Europe and from Canada and Australia. The secession was due to theological differences.

We experience no particular elation in publishing this item. It will not help the cause of Christianity among the pagans if the latter find Christian missionaries more and more at odds as to the very essentials of what they believe and what they want their neophytes to believe. Catholic missionaries, of course, are at an advantage to the extent that the pagan, sufficiently capable of reflection, will be duly impressed by the unity and stability of their discipline and doctrine. Thus will he be led to discover who are the bearers of the authentic message.

This latest incident in the China mission field is but further evidence of how Protestantism works

out in practice. It must be disheartening to earnest souls who have penetrated to the remotest corners of that benighted land, amid untold hardships, to find their efforts neutralized even there by dissident opinions. We should wish that their vexation result in serious inquiry as to the source of their commission and the doctrine they teach.

## The Marlborough Case

AN UNJUSTIFIABLE amount of publicity has been given to the Marlborough Case; and unfortunately much of this publicity has conveyed distorted and false notions of the Church's teaching and procedure in regard to marriage. Some plain statements will help to clear the atmosphere.

1. To the Catholic Church marriage is both a sacrament and a contract. She places certain conditions for the valid administration and reception of the sacrament. She also places certain conditions for the making of a valid marriage contract.

2. If all the necessary conditions for a valid marriage are not present, the Church, on an appeal being made by the interested party or parties, will declare such a marriage invalid.

3. One of the necessary conditions for the contracting of a valid marriage is that the parties to the marriage enter into it freely and with full consent.

4. If either or both of the parties are forced or coerced to go through a marriage ceremony, that ceremony does not constitute a marriage.

5. It makes no difference how long a couple may have lived together as man and wife; it makes no difference if they had two or twenty children; if they were not married, they are not married. The mere going through a ceremony, whatever the pomp and notoriety accompanying it, the living together, the having children—these things of and by themselves do not make a valid marriage.

6. An illustration. We ourselves know a case wherein a brother and sister were married to each other. They had been raised in different orphanages. At the time of their marriage ceremony they did not know of their relationship. In ignorance of it they lived together for years, and had three children. Were they married? They were not! Their apparent marriage was annulled.

7. What is an annulment? It is not the breaking of a marriage chain that binds two persons together. It is simply a statement that no such chain exists and that the apparently-married couple are not bound by marriage ties to each other.



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8. In the Marlborough Case it is claimed that Consuelo Vanderbilt, a girl of seventeen, was forced or coerced through fear into marrying the Duke of Marlborough, a man considerably older. Miss Vanderbilt was the daughter of a multimillionaire. The Duke had a distinguished title but little money.

9. It is the teaching of the Catholic Church in Canon 203 of the Code of Canon Law that "Marriage is null also when it is contracted because of violence or grave fear, caused by an external agent, unjustly, to free himself from which one is compelled to choose marriage." (Parenthetically we may remark that the Church has always been vigorously opposed to the selling of girls in marriage for money, titles or anything else.)

10. Whether or not Miss Vanderbilt was forced into a marriage with the Duke of Marlborough is a matter of fact to be settled by competent and trustworthy evidence. It is needless to say that anyone who knows the thorough methods of the Church in obtaining full evidence, in weighing it accurately, and in deciding justly according to it, can be quite certain that the Church is right in her final pronouncement.

11. Any Catholic Bishop has the right to pass upon the evidence for annulment of any marriage presented to his matrimonial court. In every diocese there is appointed a priest, known as the Defender of the Marriage Bond, whose office it is to contravene any evidence submitted to prove a marriage null and void. In case the Bishop's court finds for the nullification of the marriage, this Defender of the Bond has the right to appeal to a higher court, known as the Sacred Tribunal of the Rota. Such an appeal was made in the Marlborough Case from the Diocese of Southwark to the Rota.

12. The Church is not out hunting for marriage cases to settle, any more than our Supreme Court is hunting for cases to be brought before it. But the Church will pass on the validity or invalidity of any marriage when the parties concerned ask for her decision.

13. The silly outcry of Bishop Manning against what he calls the interference of "a foreign ecclesiastical court" dissolving a marriage that took place in America is sheer bunk. Who ever heard of any outcry from our American courts against the Paris divorces which are so popular with some of Bishop Manning's Episcopalians?

14. When the Catholic Church upheld the validity of the marriage of Elizabeth Patterson, an Episcopalian of Baltimore, to the King of Westphalia, practically all America said how fine it was

that the Roman Church should stand up for the womanhood, the wifehood, the motherhood of an American Protestant woman against the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte. But the Church is not concerned with being regarded as fine; she is mighty much concerned about being just and right!

The Catholic Church has consistently maintained the unity, the indissolubility, the sanctity of the marriage bond. In her individual decisions and general legislation on marriage she has been open and fearless. She was not afraid resolutely to oppose the lust of Henry VIII and Napoleon Bonaparte in deciding their marriage cases against them. And we can be absolutely certain that she will take no notice of the vapid and inane criticism of the weather-vane Bishop Manning or the blatant Dr. John Haynes Holmes, not to mention Dr. Christian Reisner with whose profound ignorance we are personally acquainted.

---

## Leaving It to Nature

THE MOST common argument urged for Birth Control is based on the fear of over-population. Those who favor the restriction of population, regardless of the method, place no reliance upon nature or the God of nature in the adjustment of supply and demand. Concerning the human race and especially if we assume its age as reckoned by the evolutionists, this old earth would not now afford even standing room, did not the laws of mortality counteract the steady increase from normal fertility. How fertility is counteracted among irrational creatures, among whom life is scattered with a lavish hand, was set forth by a writer in *Pearson's*:

If everything born even in a single hour were allowed to multiply unchecked by death, there would soon be no room on earth for man.

Let us take the rotifer, one of the smallest of created things—so tiny that it can scarcely be seen by the naked eye. If all the progeny of a single rotifer were allowed to multiply unchecked for a year only, its descendants would represent a solid sphere of closely packed animalculae millions of times larger than our earth.

Again, take the green fly, the pest of the rose grower. In a day one green fly can produce twenty-five others; the next day its family would number six hundred and twenty-five; on the third day, fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five, and so on, until at the end of two weeks the last generation alone would have grown to thousands of quadrillions (a number expressed in twenty figures), and would outweigh the entire population of the earth to-day. If plants were permitted to multiply on similar lines, the earth would soon be a dense tangle of growth.

# Gloria in Excelsis

## *The Birth and Boyhood of the Lord Christ*

**T**HERE was in the days of Herod, the king of Judea, a certain priest named Zachary, of the course of Abia; and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name was Elizabeth. And they were both just before God, walking in all the commandments and justifications of the Lord without blame. And they had no son, for that Elizabeth was barren, and they were both well advanced in years.

And it came to pass when he executed the priestly function in the order of his course before God, according to the custom of the priestly office, it was his lot to offer incense, going into the temple of the Lord. And all the multitude of the people was praying without, at the hour of incense. And there appeared to him an angel of the Lord, standing at the right side of the altar of incense. And Zachary seeing him, was troubled and fear fell upon him.

But the angel said to him: Fear not, Zachary, for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John: and thou shalt have joy and gladness and many shall rejoice in his nativity. For he shall be great before the Lord: and shall drink no wine or strong drink, and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb. And he shall convert many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, that he may turn the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and the incredulous to the wisdom of the just, to prepare unto the Lord a perfect people.

FROM THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE

And Zachary said to the angel: Whereby shall I know this? for I am an old man, and my wife is advanced in years. And the angel answering, said to him: I am Gabriel who stand before God; and am sent to speak to thee, and to bring thee these good tidings. And behold thou shalt be dumb, and shalt not be able to speak until the day wherein these things shall come to pass, because thou hast not believed my words, which shall be fulfilled in their time.

And the people were waiting for Zachary; and they wondered that he waited so long in the temple. And when he came out he could not speak to them, and they understood that he had seen a vision in the temple. And he made signs to them, and remained dumb. And it came to pass after the days of his office were accomplished, he departed to his own house. And after those

days, Elizabeth his wife conceived; and hid herself for five months, saying; Thus hath the Lord dealt with me in the days wherein He hath regard to take away my reproach among men.



THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR

**A**ND IN the sixth month, the angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel being come in, said unto her: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou amongst women. Who having heard, was troubled at his saying, and thought with herself what manner of salutation this might be. And the angel said to her: Fear not, Mary, for

## THE † SIGN



THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE VIRGIN MARY

thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus. And He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the most High; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His father; and He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever. And of His kingdom there shall be no end.

**A**ND MARY said to the angel: How shall this be done, for I know not man? And the angel answering, said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren: because no word shall be impossible with God. And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her.

And Mary rising up in those days, went into the hill country with haste into a city of Juda. And she entered into the house of Zachary, to salute

Elizabeth. And it came to pass, that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost: and she cried out with a loud voice, and said: Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord shall come to me? For behold as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy. And blessed are thou because thou hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord. And Mary said: My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is His name. And His mercy is from generation unto generations, to them that fear Him. He hath showed might in His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent away empty.



THE VISIT OF MARY TO ELIZABETH

## THE † SIGN

He hath received Israel His servant, being mindful of His mercy: as He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and his seed forever.

And Mary abode with her about three months; and she returned to her own house. Now Elizabeth's full time of being delivered was come, and she brought forth a son. And her neighbors and kinsfolk heard that the Lord had showed His great mercy towards her, and they congratulated with her. And it came to pass that on the eighth day they came to circumcise the child, and they called him by his father's name Zachary. And his mother answering said: Not so; but he shall be called John. And they said there is none of thy kindred that is called by this name. And they made signs to his father how he would have him called. And demanding a writing table, he wrote, saying: John is his name. And they all wondered. And immediately his mouth was opened, and his tongue loosed, and he spoke, blessing God. ....

AND IT came to pass that in those days there went forth a decree from Caesar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrollment was first made by Cyrenus, the governor of Syria. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the



THE HOLY FAMILY RETURNS FROM EGYPT



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem: because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife who was with child. And it came to pass that when they were there her days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for, this day is born to you a Savior, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.



## THE † SIGN

And it came to pass after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us. And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger. And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this Child. And all that heard, wondered; and at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart. And after eight days were accomplished, that the Child should be circumcised, His name was called Jesus, which was called by the angel, before He was conceived in the womb....

And behold there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon, and this was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was in him. And he had received an answer from the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Christ of the Lord. And he came by the Spirit into the temple. And when His parents brought in the Child Jesus, to do for Him according to the custom of the law, he also took Him into his arms, and blessed God, and said: Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servany, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace; because my eyes have seen Thy Salvation... And Simeon blessed them, and said to Mary, His Mother: Behold this Child is set for the fall, and resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted: and thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts shall be revealed...—(ST. LUKE: 1/5-64 & 2/1-35.)

In the days of King Herod, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying: Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and are come

to adore Him. And King Herod hearing this, was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And assembling together all the chief priests and the scribes of the people, he inquired of them where Christ should be born. But they said to him: In Bethlehem of Juda. For so it is written by the prophet: *And thou Bethlehem the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule my people Israel.*



THE BOY JESUS AND THE DOCTORS

THEN Herod privately calling the wise men diligently learned of them the time of the star which appeared to them; and sending them into Bethlehem said: Go and diligently inquire about the Child, and when you have found Him, bring me word again, that I also may come and adore Him. Who having heard the king, went their way; and behold the star they had seen in the East, went before them, until it came and stood over where the Child was. And seeing the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house, they found the Child with Mary His mother, and falling down they adored Him: and opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh.

And having received an answer in sleep that they should not return to Herod, they went back another way into their own country. And after they were departed, behold the angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph; saying: Arise, and the Child and His mother, and fly into Egypt; and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child, to destroy Him. Who arose, and took the Child and His mother by night, and retired into Egypt; and he was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying: *Out of Egypt have I called My Son.*



## THE † SIGN

Then Herod perceiving that he was deluded by the wise men, was exceeding angry; and sending killed all the men-children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men... But when Herod was dead, behold an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph in Egypt, saying: Arise, and take the Child and His mother, and come into the land of Israel... And coming he dwelt in a city called Nazareth, that it might be fulfilled which was said by the prophets: That He shall be called a Nazarene. (ST. MATTHEW: 2/1-23.)

And the Child grew and waxed strong, full of wisdom; and the grace of God was in Him. And His parents went every year to Jerusalem, at the solemn day of the pasch. And when He was twelve years old, they going up to Jerusalem, according to the custom of the feast, and having fulfilled the days, when they returned, the Child Jesus remained in Jerusalem; and His parents knew it not. And thinking that He was in the company, they came a day's journey, and sought Him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. And not finding Him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking Him.

And it came to pass that after three days they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and His answers. And seeing Him, they wondered. And His mother said to Him: Son, why hast thou done so to us? behold Thy father and I have sought Thee, sorrowing. And He said to them: How is it that you sought Me? did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?

And they understood not the word that He spoke

unto them. And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them. And His mother kept all these words in her heart. And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age, and grace with God and men. (ST. LUKE: 2/40-52.)

\* \* \*

IN THE beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things

were made by Him: and without Him was made nothing that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. This man came for a witness, to give testimony of the light, that all men might believe through him. He was not the light but was to give testimony to the light. That was the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, He gave them the power to be made the sons of



THE BOY JESUS AT NAZARETH

God, to them that believe in His name. Who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, (and we saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only Begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth. (ST. JOHN: 1/1-14.)

*To Him Be Honor and Praise and  
Glory Forever and Ever. Amen.*

# Categorica: *As Set Forth In News and Opinions*

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

## THE BIBLE AND "SUCCESS"

How often do you read your Bible? Have you preconceived notions that it does not compare with even classical reading matter for interest and inspiration? Edward W. Bok, writing in *Scribner's*, would convince you otherwise:

I wish thousands would put aside their preconceived notions of the Bible, take a copy and read the twenty-eight short chapters of Saint Matthew just as they would read a new book, and feel the ringing note of individual faith and the works wrought by faith as told in that small compass. We turn to books of modern success as to reservoirs of hope. But the greatest book of success ever written, or that ever will be written, is contained in those chapters of Saint Matthew.

## A CONGO MISSIONARY

*The American Magazine* is hardly the place to find a tribute to a Catholic Missionary; but, we do find it there in an article on *Unsung Heroes* personally known to E. Alexander Powell.

Far from being meek and submissive, as he has been painted, the average missionary, as I have found him, is a hard-as-nails, tough as raw-hide, two-fisted he-man.

An outstanding example of this type of missionary is the Rev. Father Brandsma, Father Superior of the Mission of the Priests of Mill Hill, at Basankusu, on the upper Congo. A year or so ago I travelled with him for upward of a thousand miles along that mighty river. Though well advanced in age, and just completing fourteen years of uninterrupted service in the deadliest portion of the sleeping-sickness country, he was as hard and fit as a college athlete. Incidentally he played bridge like a member of the Portland Club and was one of the most fascinating raconteurs to whom I have ever listened. And, because he possessed the courage of a lion, he was regarded by the cannibal population of a region as large as many a European kingdom with awe and admiration.

One of his exploits had occurred some months before I met him. While the steamer on which he was traveling was tied up at a wood post, a violent quarrel suddenly broke out between rival bands of natives, each eager to obtain the job of putting aboard the fuel. The blacks were in a murderous mood, and in an instant there developed a situation fraught with peril for the white passengers. When the Swedish skipper sought to quell the disturbance, the natives promptly dropped their own differences and turned their attention to the steamer with its load of Europeans. They were cannibals, the nearest garrison was a long day's journey distant, and it looked for a time as though the tragedy of the "Ville de Bruges," whose entire crew had been massacred in the same vicinity some years before, would be enacted over again. It was not the brawny

captain who saved the situation, or the hard-boiled traders, or the Belgian officers with their rows of medal ribbons. It was my friend the missionary. Heedless of the threatening knives and the rain of spears, he sprang ashore, fought his way into the midst of that seething savage throng, caught the two ringleaders by the throat, and smashed their heads together as though they were coconuts, dropped another in his tracks with a right-hander to the jaw, picked a fourth up bodily and hurled him into the stream. Before the fury of his onslaught the blacks had halted in indecision; now, beneath the stinging lash of his reproaches, delivered in the vernacular, they suddenly retreated; then, overcome by panic, turned and ran. Arranging his disordered garments, Father Brandsma returned to his interrupted game of bridge.

"What was the last bid?" he asked calmly, as though he had been called out to answer the telephone. "Oh, yes, I remember now. Someone made it four of clubs and I doubled him."

## HINTS ON PROMOTION

Eliminating the humerous climax, the ambitious employee may profitably peruse the reasons given by *Life* why a certain individual was not promoted:

He watched the clock.  
He was always grumbling.  
He was never at the office on time.  
He asked too many questions.  
His stock excuse was "it isn't necessary."  
He wasn't ready for the next step.  
He did not put his heart in his work.  
He learned nothing from his blunders.  
He chose his friends among his inferiors.  
He ruined his ability by half doing things.  
He never acted on his own judgment.  
He did not think it worth while to learn how.  
He did not learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay envelope.  
He didn't have to.  
He was president of the company.

## CREDITORS AND THE CREDITOR

Suppose the Lord did push us? Suppose also we do pay a trifle of what we owe Him? We can lessen our debt somewhat by contributing to the Chinese missions. From *The Outlook*:

During a fund-raising campaign in the African Baptist Church two colored sisters called on old Uncle Berry, an aged Negro who lived on the outskirts of the village, and explained the purpose of their visit and asked him if he would give something towards the cause.

## THE † SIGN

"Lawry, sisters, I sho would like to help you-all along," he said, "but I just ain't got it. Why, I has the hardest time to keep paying a little something on what I owe already around here."

"But," said one of the collectors, "you owe the Lord something too."

"Yes, that's right, sister," said the old man; "but He ain't pushing me like my other creditors is."

### SELF CATECHISM FOR PARENTS

Parents may ponder with profit the following editorial clipped from the New York *Sun*:

"Being a proper parent is the most important job any of us has," says Dr. Lawson G. Lowrey, director of Child Guidance Clinic 2 of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, and in the committee's bulletin for October he poses some sets of questions for parents to put to themselves to disclose for their own information at least a part of their responsibility for habits, mannerisms and characteristics they regret or reprehend in their youngsters. Thus, with regard to fear, the parent is to examine himself or herself in this way:

"Do I frighten my child so he becomes timid and fearful?"

"By:

"Threats of the 'bogy-man'?"

"Threats of leaving him?"

"Threats of horrible punishments?"

"Telling him frightening stories?"

"Inflicting my fears and terrors on him?"

"Constant worry over his minor accidents, ailments, and habits?"

"Disobedience is usually the parent's fault," writes Dr. Lowrey, and the parent should answer these interrogatories:

"Do I cause my child to disobey?"

"By:

"Uttering useless or unreasonable commands?"

"Contradicting my own commands?"

"Threatening him (and never carrying out the threat)?"

"Stopping everything he starts to do?"

"Refusing his requests, even though they are reasonable?"

"Paying no attention to what he does until it interferes with my comfort?"

"Promising and failing to keep my promise?"

"Making him want to disobey for the sake of the excitement it creates?"

"Evading my own duties and responsibilities?"

"Constantly expecting disobedience?"

"Quarreling with him over trivial matters?"

"Failing to make him understand?"

An analogous set of questions is designed to reveal whether nervousness in a child is induced by father or mother. The master inquiry is: "Do I cause my child to be nervous?" The specific questions are: "By being nervous myself? By telling him about it so I may have his sympathy? By constantly reminding him how nervous he is? By telling other people in his presence how nervous and queer and odd he is? By worrying over his health and habits? By worrying him with my worries over him? By coddling him physically and mentally? By denying him independence of thought

and action? By expecting too much from him and driving him all the time?"

Dishonesty in children is a frequent cause of alarm and pain in parents. That it is "remarkably easy to be dishonest with one's self" is the conclusion Dr. Lawrey reaches. He would have all fathers and mothers troubled on this score examine themselves in this fashion:

"Do I cause my child to be dishonest?"

"By:

"Lying to him?"

"Lying to others in his presence?"

"Overstimulating his imagination?"

"Evading his questions?"

"Telling him anything to get him to do what I want him to do?"

"Boasting before him of some dishonest practice by which I gained an advantage?"

"Refusing him most of the things he wants?"

"Dealing out harsh treatment for minor offenses?"

"Repressing all natural outlets for activity?"

"Shielding him from all consequences of his dishonesty?"

"Stealing, or actions which he interprets as stealing?"

"Making a hero of some one noted for dishonesty?"

The simplicity of these questions adapts them to use by any literate person, and while hairsplitting is possible in the answers to some of them, on the whole they call for replies that will pretty accurately reveal the attitude of parent toward child. In many cases fathers and mothers thoughtlessly or unconsciously encourage in their offspring the bad habits they deplore and for which they inflict punishment. A directed course of self-scrutiny in the manner outlined by Dr. Lowrey would enlighten them and might save their children from undeserved reproach and unnecessary exposure to influences not the less evil because innocent of deliberate malign intent.

### TWO OF A KIND

To those of our readers who wish enlightenment concerning the animus of H. G. Wells and his side-car partner Dean Inge, against the Catholic Church we submit the following paragraph from a book review by Theodore Maynard in *The Commonwealth*:

In *The World of William Clissold*, Mr. H. G. Wells makes a striking comparison between himself and Dean Inge. He says (I quote with substantial, not verbal, accuracy) that if some super-human chemist could reduce his body and the Dean's to powder and examine their constituent molecules, he would find them to be very similar. For each would contain slight vestiges of belief in a living personal God and would be rather weak on the Virgin Birth and very strong on birth control. It is an illuminating passage. It helps to explain the bitter, though probably unconscious, prejudice the two men share against the Catholic Church.

## THE † SIGN

### FIGURE IT OUT

The following poem is surely in a strange place between the covers of the *American Mercury*. We thought that the so-called intelligentsia would spurn anything so simple and so fine.

#### ANTS

How far can ants see, I wonder?  
How much do they know  
Of trees that grow  
A million times their size above them?  
It might be entertaining to hear  
Their opinion of a sunrise;  
How a horse may appear  
To their infinitesimal eyes  
When he plants a hoof  
On the laboriously built roof  
Of their house; what they think  
When crawling on the brink  
Of a chasm; what they make  
Of a river or a lake,  
A thunder clap  
Or a mountain's snowcap.

Maybe ants can write  
Poems and recite,  
Preach and play politics.  
They may have panics,  
Parliaments,  
High rents,  
Bootleggers—and play golf.  
Had we an ear to hear  
A rose leaf strike the ground  
We might hear the sound  
Of ant talk. Were we wise  
As ants, in proportion to our size,  
We might figure out  
What ants are about.

By CHARLES OLUF OLSEN.

#### FASHIONABLE RELIGION

Under the title, "Frauds of Smart Society," Mrs. Philip Lydig writing in *The Red Book* gives some personal observations on Fashionable Religion as found and practiced in New York:

An ambitious, self-made and flamboyant millionaire from the West wished to join the congregation of one of the most fashionable churches on Fifth Avenue, obviously for social reasons. He and his wife were welcomed sweetly by the rector. They professed and were confirmed and entered into the communion of the sacraments and rented a conspicuous pew and gave liberally to the support of the work of the diocese out of a fortune that is notably large even for Manhattan. After they had been attending services and contributing piously for several months, the wife went to the rector to tell him how she and her husband had enjoyed his sermons and been uplifted by their faith. "But," she complained, "although we've been members of your congregation since last autumn, we haven't yet met any of your other parishioners."

The pastor was most apologetic. "Why didn't you speak of it before?" he said. "What an oversight! I'm entirely to blame. Forgive me, dear lady. Will you come to tea in the rectory next—say, Thursday

afternoon? And I'll invite them all to meet you."

She accepted with pleasure. The invitations were sent out. She and her husband drove to the rectory on the appointed afternoon, saw the line of motors parked along the curb, entered smilingly and were introduced with unction by the rector to a collection of social climbers who had evidently joined the church for the same reason as they. There was not among them a single person whom any of them wished to meet.

Checkmate! The rector and his wife were hospitality incarnate. The tea went off suavely. Nobody made a wry face over the cup, and the most fashionable congregation on Fifth Avenue preserved its social exclusiveness unimpaired.

The point is that such a church is a fashionable club and very little else. The congregation does not primarily go there to pray; the religion is of secondary importance. The pew is merely a seat of envy in which the fashionable rich may feel complacent and superior....

In such an atmosphere, of course, the most devout young clergyman soon becomes worldly-wise. He learns to make his sermons inoffensive. He preaches a Christianity that says as little as possible about humility and poverty and the other Christian qualities that are not fashionable. He condemns only the sins of the criminals and the lower classes. He thunders against heresies and unorthodoxies none of his parishioners are guilty of.

#### A FUNNY LITTLE CREATURE

Even the good and lovable St. Francis of Assisi has his critics. Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, England, had the bad taste to say on the anniversary of the Saint's death:

"As an ascetic duty he (St. Francis) wore no linen, but rough woollen garments seldom washed. His attitude towards body vermin was not ours; we are told that he sometimes begged his friends to scratch him etc, etc.

But poor St. Francis has an able defender in the learned Mr. Chesterton. This is the way he answers the carping Bishop in *G. K.'s Weekly*:

If Brother Francis pardoned Brother Flea,  
There still seems need of such strange charity.  
Seeing he is, for all his gay good will,  
Bitten by funny little creatures still.

#### METHODS DO VARY

We reprint the following, translated from a German newspaper account:

Yesterday, just outside of Munich, a despondent citizen decided to end his woes by ending his existence. He had declared himself disgusted with everybody and everything, from the Government to the weather. As a final, grand jollification, he managed, within a few hours, to consume eight quarts of beer; then, seating himself on a keg of gunpowder, he touched off the fuse. An extended search by relatives for many missing parts of the deceased body has delayed the funeral.



THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

# THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS  
AND  
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

## A WIDESPREAD CALUMNY

(1) *The Catholic Church has had control of the education of the Mexicans for about three hundred years, yet eighty-five percent of the people are illiterate today. Now the government wants to improve this situation by taking over the education of its own people. Don't you think it should be given a chance?* (2) *It seems to me that Catholic countries like Spain and Italy progress rather slowly. I believe the illiteracy of the two countries is fifty or sixty percent. In Sweden, where Protestantism reigns, the illiteracy is less than one percent. I cannot account for this and would like some Catholic authority to explain it.*—B. R. CHICAGO, ILL.

(1) This question indicates an all too common impression concerning the Catholic Church and her influence on education in Mexico. This impression is the result of a campaign of slander directed by Protestant propagandists with the very un-Christian intention of villifying the Catholic Church in that unfortunate land. If mud is thrown hard enough and long enough some of it will stick. But it is mud for all that. Such in brief is the reason for the erroneous impression abroad today. Unfortunately, even Catholics have been deceived.

If one reads authentic histories of Mexico written by unbiased individuals he will find that the Catholic Church did everything humanly possible to educate the Indians, 85% of whom form the bulk of the Mexican people. The overwhelming number of natives Indians whom the Church had to deal with must not be forgotten.

What do we find recorded in history? The Franciscan Friars, those same apostles who evangelized California, and who left a trail of accomplishment that is a blaze of glory, were the very same who labored together with the Dominicans, in Mexico for the emancipation of the peon from the darkness of ignorance and idolatry.

The first university in the New World was opened in Mexico City in 1553. This same university began to teach medicine 250 years before it was taught at Harvard.

Everywhere the Padre labored he opened a church and a school. So great was his success that a Spaniard named Lopez became alarmed, and wrote to the Spanish king that large numbers of the natives were able to read and write. The natives "spoke Latin like Cicero and every day the number grows."

This policy continued until the State, fearing the power wielded by the Padres over the Indians, entered a campaign of oppression and tyranny which resulted in a suspension of the Church's beneficent program, so

that today about 80% of the native Mexicans are illiterate.

Laying the blame of Mexico's illiteracy at the door of the Church is a downright slander. As well blame a father who has been unjustly condemned and rushed off to jail, there to languish for the rest of his life, for neglecting to support his wife and children.

It might be easier to understand the great odds which the Catholic Church has fought against in Mexico by comparing the literacy of the American Indian, after nearly 100 years of effort to educate them at the hands of a Government at least friendly to their interests. With every modern equipment, unhampered by any outside power, our Government has succeeded in education only about 45% of the redmen. Moreover, right here in our own southern States, among native born whites, there is a percentage of illiteracy which is appalling. Verily, our Baptist and Methodist brethren should not throw stones at the Catholic Church in Mexico.

A writer well versed in Mexican affairs says in the *Oklahoma News*, August 6, 1926: "To the successful efforts of the militant group may be charged the present illiteracy of the Mexican people. This is not difficult to understand after seeing the numerous buildings that once were colleges, now being used as frowsy tenements or lousy barracks, and all crumbling into ruin. [All the talk you hear about thousands of schools opened in Mexico by the governments of Carranza, Obregon, or Calles is best described as 'bunk'.] Wherever you go you see ruin . . . the ruin of decay."

History gives the reason why the Government of Mexico is opposed to the Church. She was the source of whatever civilization the Indians possessed. She brought them under her refining influence. But the inordinate ambition of the politicians could not allow education to be given the masses, for if they were to use an intelligent ballot they would soon oust the politicians. Hence, a conflict was inevitable. Now, in all fairness, do you think it just and reasonable to hearken to the slander cast upon the Catholic Church in Mexico, when the real cause is the anti-clerical Governments which have been in power for so long a time? Don't you think that the Mexican Government which has had its chance to educate the peon for about one hundred years, at least, has been tried and found wanting?

If you wish for confirmation of this answer you will find an excellent article, based principally upon the testimony of Protestant historians, (some of them anti-Catholic), in *Current History* for November, 1926. *The Catholic Mind*, October 22, 1926, also contains some interesting information on this matter.

(2) Comparisons between Protestant and Catholic



## THE † SIGN

countries is a large question. It involves many and diverse factors—geographical, historical, political, and religious. On account of the many causes which combine to produce results, especially in the natural sphere—as education, commerce, and wealth—it is not by any means certain that these same results in countries predominantly Protestant is to be attributed to the fact that the country follows the gospel of Luther rather than that of Jesus Christ.

It is true that illiteracy in Sweden is much lower than in Spain and Italy. The figures for 1910 indicate that Sweden has but .02 illiterates; Spain 58.7; Italy 37.0. But is well to remark that the figures for Sweden are based on military recruits, whereas those of Spain and Italy are based on the population of ten years and over. We may reasonably suppose that if Sweden's test was made on the same basis as that of Spain and Italy her percentage of illiterates would be considerably larger.

There are many features possessed by the Catholic countries of Spain and Italy which Sweden has not. It is the law of compensation working throughout the universe. What can Sweden produce to compare with the works of Italians and Spaniards in the fields of art, literature, and science? Even the Italian and Spanish peasants, illiterate though they may be, have a love for the beautiful and the noble which is far superior to that manifested by Swedes. Furthermore, the Catholic Church is thoroughly convinced that knowledge of the three R's is not the supreme good of existence on earth; rather to "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice." She teaches that it is better to be good than smart. She does not discourage learning. Far from it. Her history written in the great Catholic universities spread throughout Europe before the evil blight of the so-called Reformation is proof of that. But her attitude is: if you cannot obtain both learning and good morals, choose morals to learning.

In this respect Sweden's record is not so good. Spain and Italy can justly boast of much less moral looseness than Sweden. "It is a singular and embarrassing fact," writes Mr. Laing, a Scotch traveller of the last century, "that the Swedish nation...having a powerful and complete church establishment, undisturbed in its labors by sect or schism, is notwithstanding in a more demoralized state than any nation in Europe. This is a very curious fact in moral statistics." (A Tour in Sweden in 1838.)

### EQUIVOCAL STATEMENT

*The inclosed page from the Physical Culture Magazine has been called to my attention. Will you kindly advise me where the writer gets his authority for this statement: "if you denounce a plurality of wives, remember you denounce Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and practically all the other patriarchs of old Israel, and, according to a well-authenticated history, even the Savior of mankind Himself." I have always taken it for granted that Christ was never married.—S. R. K., NEW YORK CITY.*

The insertion of this letter is cheap advertising to increase the sale of the magazine. The readers are invited to send in their views on this delicate question, as to whether we ought to follow the monogamous ideal or not. Of course, there will be many anxious to find

out how many agree with Almighty God and McFadden, and how many with the defender of polygamy. One would imagine that monogamy was on open question, like the referendum on Prohibition.

The assertion quoted above it at best equivocal. It does not necessarily mean that Christ was married. It were blasphemy to imagine that He was. What can be gathered from the statement is that Christ favored polygamy, or a plurality of wives. In other words Christ agrees with Mr. Leroy A. Wilson, of Salt Lake City. This would follow from the piece of wisdom which preceeds the quotation given above: "all great thinkers of all ages who have touched on this matter have favored a plurality of wives, and the holy men of God have almost invariably been men with several wives." He is careful not to mention a few thinkers by name, but he insidiously infers that Christ was one of them. That Jesus was a "great thinker", there can be no doubt. Moreover, He is not of one age, but of all ages the Wisdom of God. What are His thoughts regarding plurality of wives? The gospels are very explicit. He positively and emphatically denounces and forbids polygamy. The dispensation from the law of monogamous marriage allowed by God to the patriarchs was abrogated by Christ, Who restored marriage to its pristine dignity and raised it to the dignity of a sacrament. "They shall be two in one flesh." "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery. And if the wife shall put away her husband and be married to another, she committeth adultery." (Read St. Mark 10/2, 12; Luke 16/18; Matt. 19/3,9.) This does not sound like language favoring polygamy—to call a man with more than one wife an adulterer, and a woman with more than one husband an adultress.

If there exists any "well authenticated history" that the Savior favored polygamy it is an authentic lie. The writer probably belongs to the Mormon sect, which in this matter is just two thousand years behind the times.

### VALIDITY OF MARRIAGE

*A Catholic young lady and a Protestant gentleman, both baptized in their respective faiths, were married by a justice of the peace some ten years ago. They were subsequently divorced. Can this Catholic party remarry in the Catholic Church, inasmuch as she was never married by a priest?—R. N., BOSTON, MASS.*

This question was answered in the November issue of the SIGN, page 212. Let the Catholic party consult her pastor or confessor.

### WHO WAS THE WOMAN

*A Protestant says that he studied his Bible thoroughly and yet cannot find an answer to this question: Adam and Eve were the first people in the world. They had two sons, Cain and Abel. Cain slew Abel, and then married. Whom did he marry? Who in the world was there for him to marry?—B. J. F., UNION CITY, N. J.*

Why, his own sister. Who else was there for him to marry, if there were no other persons in the world save Adam and Eve and their children? Women were not mentioned by name, as a rule, in scriptural genealogies. But we know that Adam's sons had sisters, because Gen. 5/4 explicitly says that "he (Adam) begot sons and daughters."

## THE † SIGN

### OUR LADY'S TITLES

*Why is the Virgin Mary called "The Lady of Loretto" and also "The Lady of Mount Carmel?"—H. B. G., CHICAGO, ILL.*

Just as the Mother of God is called "Our Lady of Lourdes" and "Our Lady of La Salette" because of her association with both these places, so is she given the titles in question because of her connection with the Holy House of Loretto in Italy and with Mount Carmel in Palestine.

The Holy House of Loretto is the most famous of Italian shrines and the most sacred of our heavenly Queen's. It is the very place in which Mary lived at Nazareth with Joseph and her Divine Son. Tradition tells us that it was carried to Loretto by the hands of angels.

Lingering about the mountain ridge in Palestine are beautiful traditions regarding the Blessed Virgin. It was on Mount Carmel that the Prophet Elias besought God to deliver Israel from the scourge of a parching drought that had lasted three years. While he prayed a servant came to tell him that in the west a cloud no larger than a man's foot was rising out of the sea. In this cloud, the traditions of the Order of Carmel tells us, Elias saw prefigured the Virgin who was to bring forth the divine dew—the Messiah. Then there is an ancient and pious belief that the Blessed Virgin in company with St. Joseph and the child Jesus actually visited Mount Carmel. We have, too, the story of the erection in the year 83 A. D., of a chapel on Mount Carmel dedicated to the Mother of God,—the first in Christendom. In the History of the Carmelites there is a notice which states that "from the days of Elias and the holy fathers of the Old and New Dispensations dwelt on Mount Carmel, and their successors after the Incarnation built there a chapel in honor of Our Lady for which reason they were called in papal bulls "Friars of Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel." The feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel was instituted by the Carmelites to celebrate the victory of their Order over its enemies in obtaining the approbation of its name and constitutions from Pope Honorius III.

### PATRONESS OF AVIATORS

*Who is the Patroness of Aviators?—L. B., BALTIMORE, MD.*

Our Lady of Loretto has been named by Pope Pius XI Patroness of Aviators.

### CHRISTMAS CRIB AND SANTA CLAUS

*Please explain the origin of the Christmas Crib and Santa Claus.—F. B. M., ST. LOUIS, MO.*

Christian piety would not permit so sacred a thing as the crib, or manger, where Mary laid her Divine Babe to remain unvenerated. Devotion to it is very ancient. As early as the fifth century the Basilica of St. Mary Major in Rome claimed to possess, not the true crib, but a chapel of the crib, which was probably simply an imitation of the chamber in the Basilica of Constantine in Bethlehem, in which the true crib was enshrined. But the origin of the Christmas Crib in the tangible form by which we know it, and as it is

found in Catholic churches at Christmas time, is commonly traced to the representation of the Nativity erected by St. Francis of Assisi three years before his death.

The Poverello told Pope Honorius III his plans and asked leave to carry them out. The pontiff consented. Accordingly, Francis with the aid of a friend constructed a crib in the forest of Greccio. He had a stable built and within it a manger. There were figures of Mary and Joseph and the shepherds. Even the ass and the ox had a place in accord with ancient tradition.

Francis was the crib's roudadour. For during the midnight Mass which was sung within the stable the saint stood before the manger and spoke to the assembled Friars and country-folk on the birth of our Lord. He was unable through tenderness to pronounce the Adorable Name. And it was said that while he preached many saw in the manger a sleeping child, whom they believed to be none other than our Lord Himself.

According to another version of the legend, Francis acted as deacon of the midnight Mass, and, having sung the words of the Gospel—"And they laid Him in a manger"—he knelt down to meditate briefly on the sublime mystery of the Incarnation. There appeared in his arms an infant surrounded by a brilliant light.

There are reasons for admitting the existence of "representations" of the Nativity mystery before the time of St. Francis's crib; but we have the word of St. Bonaventure and the fact of Francis obtaining permission from the Pope to show that there must have been some sort of novelty in the saint's undertaking. At least, the event at Greccio in 1223 A. D., did much to popularize devotion to the crib, which has since spread throughout the world, a devotion characteristically Catholic, and one in which many Protestants share.

(2) Santa Claus is a corrupt form of the name of the Bishop of Myra, Saint Nicholas, who lived in the fourth century. This saint, whose feast is celebrated on December 6th, is the patron of sailors, merchants and travelers. He is revered especially by the Dutch as the guardian of children. It was the Dutch settlers who made Saint Nicholas familiar to America under the name Santa Claus.

Saint Nicholas, "Good Saint Nicholas," as he was popularly called, was remarkable for his tender charity. A certain nobleman had three beautiful daughters for whom he was unable to provide a marriage dowry. It seemed as if there was no honorable way to support them and the poor father was in despair. Saint Nicholas heard of the event, and on three occasions threw a purse of gold through an open window in the house of the afflicted man, who was thus able to provide for his children. From this incident is said to be derived the custom of placing gifts in the stockings of children on the eve of Christmas and attributing the gifts to Saint Nicholas under the name of Santa Claus. In Germany, Switzerland and the Netherlands the people have the custom of making him the secret purveyor of gifts on December 6th. In the United States children look for Santa Claus on Christmas eve.

But today Santa Claus is little connected with Saint Nicholas. A contributor to *America* has well said: "Thought aplenty is given to Santa Claus, and while Santa Claus is a perversion from the "Good Saint Nicholas" of the Dutch, and bears some religious

## THE † SIGN

implication, the red-nosed, white-bearded, pot-bellied caricatures that haunt the street corners with securely wired kettles of tin for ten per-cent, or better, of their collections, and who lure children to the big department stores, are a far cry from the Saint who gave aid and comfort to little ones of his time."

### THE INCARNATION

*Could you inform me in a few words what the Incarnation means?*—NEWARK, N. J.

The Incarnation of Jesus Christ means the assumption of a human nature in time on the part of a Divine Person Who is before all time, or from eternity. The Incarnation is the sublime and incomprehensible union of the divine and human natures, both integral and complete, in one only Person,—Jesus Christ. Just as the union of body and soul constitutes a man—makes him a distinct individual with a complete nature and a singular personality—so the union of the human and divine natures in the Second Person of the Holy Trinity makes one Jesus Christ. This union is ineffable. The divine and human natures are not commingled or fused into one another, but each remains distinct from the other, yet both are possessed by one only personality,—a divine one. Although Christ had a complete human nature He did not have a human personality. If that were so, the result of the union would be two distinct natures and two distinct personalities, neither of which would be one Christ. In this stupendous operation of Divine Wisdom and Love, the Divine Person assumes, or takes unto Himself, a complete human nature (body, soul, heart, nerves,—everything human—*save sin*) His own Personality supplying the human personality, which is necessary for a complete human nature. And this human nature which Christ Jesus assumed did not exist before He assumed it, but it was created in the very assumption, so that at no time did the human nature of Christ have a human personality, nor did it ever exist without any personality. St. John in the prologue to his gospel thus expresses this wonderful operation: "And the Word (of God) was made flesh and dwelt amongst us."

The divine nature of Jesus is one and the same as that of the Eternal Father and of the Holy Spirit, and His human nature is in all things like ours, sin and tendency to sin excepted. He is equal to the Father as to His Godhead, less than the Father as to His manhood.

Jesus was born in a mysterious manner of a most pure virgin by the intervention of the Holy Ghost. Whoever is born of woman is a man (that is, human). Whoever is begotten of God and equal to God is divine. These two births, one in eternity, the other in time, are true of Jesus Christ. He is truly the God-Man. The Incarnation is a mystery which can be received only on faith.

### CHURCH ATTENDANCE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Writing under the question, "Is the Future with the Catholic Church, Dr. Frederick Lynch, a contributing editor, has some observations to make in the undenomi-

ational *Christian Century* which may be worthwhile bringing before your readers.

Dr. Lynch says:

"And as for the church papers—well, I made a careful study of them last fall and with the exception of a half-dozen of the 150, they made no more than the most meager and casual mention of it [the Stockholm Conference]. The pastors, editors, and people were just simply not in the least interested in what their church was doing. The church does not interest them enough to pay any attention to an event which deserves to be called the greatest venture since the Reformation.

"Protestants as individuals are interested in evangelism, social service, Prohibition—other great movements—perhaps more interested than Catholics, but when it comes to the Church it often seems to mean no more to the individual Protestant than his lodge or club or society or league. Every Catholic in the world seemed to know all about what was going on at Chicago and to rejoice that he shared in it, although far away; hardly one Protestant out of hundreds seems to have even heard of what his Church was doing at Stockholm, or if he had, to feel the slightest interest in it. If this continues, which Church will win out as a Church?"

My own personal observation is that if the Church is maintaining her own and is gaining ground it is due chiefly to the success of our parochial school system; and the success thus far attained should encourage all adult Catholics to work hard until every Catholic child will be in a Catholic school.—J. F. R., CINCINNATI, O.

### THANKSGIVING

Please find one dollar inclosed for the missions in China in honor of St. Jude for a favor granted through his intercession.—C. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Some time ago I asked a favor of St. Jude and received it.—A. S., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Please publish my public thanks to St. Jude for a wonderful favor which seemed impossible to obtain.

Would that all in despair might invoke this saint who is ever ready to intercede.—A. W., SO. ORANGE, N. J.

Please publish my grateful thanks to St. Jude for a favor received through his intercession.—T. S. C., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Kindly publish my thanks to the Little Flower of Jesus for preservation from fire. This is only one of many, many favors received by me from St. Therese. All praise to this wonder-worker.—M. T. G., QUINCY, MASS.

Enclosed please find \$5.00 in thanksgiving to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus for a favor received. Kindly publish this in THE SIGN so that others may be inspired in devotion to the loving Heart of Jesus.—N. N., VICTORIA, KAS.

Please publish my thanks to St. Jude for a favor asked for last evening and granted before 10.00 A. M. today. The favor was imperative and its refusal would have meant serious embarrassment.—E. B., BUFFALO, N. Y.

# The Mass: *The Liturgical Action and Its Spiritual Import*



ANY books and documents have lain for centuries unknown in

the libraries of Europe, not because the parchments on which they were written were unknown, but because the parchments had been used twice, the first writing having been erased by rubbing with pumice stone. The erasion was usually imperfect, and it has been found possible, in many cases, to erase the second writing and restore the first. Such parchments are called palimpsests.

Near the close of the last century a palimpsest in a library of Verona in Italy revealed what proved to be an important Christian document. The following is part of it in translation:

"We give Thee thanks, O God, through Thy Beloved Son Jesus Whom, in these last times, Thou didst send to us a Savior and Redeemer and Herald of Thy Will. He is Thy inseparable Word by Whom Thou didst create all things, and was well pleasing to Thee. Thou didst send Him from Heaven to the Virgin Mother. In her womb He became man and was shown to be Thy Son, born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin. In obedience to Thy Will and acquiring a holy people for Thee, He extended His hands when He suffered that He might free from suffering those who believe in Thee. When He was delivered to His voluntarily-accepted Passion to conquer death, to break the bonds of Satan, to trample on hell, to enlighten the just, to determine the limit, and to manifest His resurrection. . . ."

This is evidently a prelude to a statement of what our Redeemer did to achieve these results. Most readers will expect it to tell what occurred during the Passion and on the Cross. What it actually does is to tell of the Last Supper thus:

"Taking bread, giving thanks to Thee, He said: Take and eat; this is my body which will be broken for you. In like manner the chalice also, saying: This is my blood which is shed for you. When you do this you do it in memory of Me."

"Mindful, therefore, of His death and resurrection, we offer to Thee the bread and the chalice, thanking Thee that Thou hast permitted us to stand in Thy presence and minister unto Thee. . ."

If we take the prelude in connection with what immediately follows, the obvious inference is that the Last Supper was much more than the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. The prelude is not

By \*NEIL McNEIL  
ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO

dealing with the application of the fruits of Redemption, but with the Redemption itself. The

Verona document implies that the Last Supper was, in the first place, our Lord's priestly offering up of the Sacrifice of the Cross.

This is the inference which liturgists have drawn from ancient liturgies. Thus Père Vigourel, Professor of Liturgy in the Sulpician Seminary of Paris, in his published study of this document, says:

"At the Supper Jesus made the *oblation* of His one redeeming sacrifice and instituted the Mass. . . . Having completed His public ministry there remained the Cross. He accomplished His redeeming sacrifice during the time that lapsed from Thursday evening to the following Sunday. The Supper is the *liturgical action* of that Sacrifice wherein He made the offering of His life, was immolated and consumed."

In a course of liturgical lectures delivered ten years in the Catholic Institute of Paris, Monsignor Batiffol drew the same inference from other sources and added:

"This doctrine has the advantage of being that of the liturgy. There is only one sacrifice, that of the Cross; but this sacrifice was offered by Christ at the Supper and, in our turn, we offer it in the Mass, because He gave us the power to offer it. . . . The offering of the Supper and that of the Mass have this in common that each is the offering of a Victim immolated at another point of time and space. At the Supper the offering is made of a Victim Who *will* be immolated. In the Mass the offering is made of a Victim Who *was* immolated on the Cross."

THE document discovered in Verona is an ancient Canon of the Mass.

Dom Paul Cagin, O.S.B., devoted years of study to it. Comparing it with four other ancient Canons, one from Syria, one from Egypt, and two from Abyssinia—all of them having an evident family likeness—he concluded that not one of the five was derived from any of the others, but that all were derived from an original Canon in Greek which is not known to exist anywhere. The Verona Canon is in Latin. The Abyssinian Canons are still in use in the separated Church of that country. Dom Cagin maintains that the original dates from the time of the Apostles. Others place its origin in the



## THE † SIGN

second century. It is, in any case, a very ancient document.

LITURGISTS observe that the reference in the Verona Canon, as well as in the other four, to the "extending of His hands" is a sacrificial expression. In the Old Law the priest expressed the oblation by extending his hands over the victim to be immolated. In three of the other four Canons the expression is, "He extended His hands towards the Passion;" and in one of them there is a rubric before this expression to the effect that here the priest places his hands upon the thurible and then extends them over the bread and the wine.

There is a doubt as to the meaning of the phrase, "to determine the limit" in the Verona Canon. In Latin it is, *ut terminum figat*. In one of the other four Canons there is the same idea in other words. The other three express it thus:

1. To lay down the law of life.
2. To establish the covenant.
3. To constitute the testament.

Hence it may mean: To determine the limit of duty.

One of the duties emphasized by these ancient liturgies is fraternal charity as manifested in the unity of the Church and in mutual good will. The Verona Canon has this prayer near the end:

"We beseech Thee to send the Holy Ghost upon the offering of Thy Holy Church, and to gather in unity those who communicate worthily that they may be filled with the Holy Spirit for the confirming of the faith in truth."

One of the Abyssinian Canons has this prayer: "O Lord, in Thy goodness fill our hearts with Thy peace and cleanse us from all stain and uncleanness, from all desire for revenge, and from the deadly cherishing of the memory of injuries"

In the Canon and in the prayers of the Roman rite there is a pervading sense of spiritual solidarity and mutual dependence. The Canon begins by beseeching God to give peace, protection, and unity to the Church throughout the world (*quam pacificare, custodire, adunare et regere digneris toto orbe terrarum*). The communion of saints on earth, in purgatory, and in heaven is referred to again and again. Our duty to forgive injuries as we hope to be forgiven by God is there impressed on us.

St. Augustine dwells frequently in his sermons on the symbolism of the bread and the wine as suggested by St. Paul (1 Cor. 10/17). For instance: "That bread shows how you should love unity. It is not made of one grain. It contains many grains of wheat. But before they became bread they were ground; then they were united with water. So it is with you. By the humiliation

of fasting and exorcisms you were ground. Then came the water of baptism to bind you together. Bread has to be baked by fire. This is the chrism; for the oil of our fire is the sacrament of the Holy Ghost... You are thus made the Lord's bread."

The Lord's bread is to be offered up in sacrifice. The Christian religion is not all receiving on our part. We are not to be passive in the process of spiritual growth. It was charity that led our Redeemer to the Cross, and He says to us: "Take up *your* cross and follow me."

This connection of charity with the Mass sank deeply into the hearts of primitive Christians. The prayer of St. Polycarp on the day of his martyrdom resembles a canon of the Mass: "Lord God Omnipotent, Father of Thy beloved and blessed Son Jesus Christ, from Whom we received knowledge of Thee, I bless Thee for having deigned to allow me to have part of the chalice of Christ and be numbered among the martyrs, looking forward to the resurrection in the everlasting life of body and soul. May I be accepted to-day in Thy presence as a worthy sacrifice..."

One of the oldest of Christian documents, The Teaching of the Twelve—which is a primitive catechism—connects sacrificial worship and charity thus: "On the Lord's day of the Lord gather together and break bread, and offer the Eucharist, having first confessed your transgressions that our sacrifice may be pure. Let everyone that hath a dispute with his friend not come together with you until they are reconciled, that your sacrifice be not profaned."

The Teaching of the Twelve has this admirable sentence in reference to works of mercy: "Thou shalt not withdraw thy hand from him who is in need, but shalt share all things with thy brother, and shalt not say that they are thine own."

If, then, we assume, as we must, that the sacrifice which we offer in the Mass requires the spirit of the Passion on our part, since it is really the Passion of the Lord that we offer in the Mass, the foregoing quotations point to charity as the chief medium of our return in personal sacrifices. Fraternal charity usually involves sacrifice—the sacrifice of feeling or judgment or money or time or comfort or even of health. Frequent devout assistance at Mass, especially in the case of those who receive Holy Communion, gives the grace to make such personal sacrifices.

IT IS NOT alone the priest at the altar who offers up the Sacrifice of the Mass. Primarily it is our Lord Who offers, and the whole congregation is privileged and enjoined to unite with Him in the offering.



## THE † SIGN

During the past twenty years there has been a vast increase in the number of Communions. If there be no corresponding increase of charity, will there not be spiritual disaster on a large scale? St. Paul could claim that in him the grace of God had not been void—"In journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren." "Christ died for all that they also who live may not now live to

themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again." (2 Cor. V.)

IF WE ASK Christ how to live unto Him, His reply is: "Love one another as I have loved you": "I was hungry and you gave Me to eat. I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink. I was a stranger and you took Me in." Lord, when did we see Thee hungry or Thirsty or a Stranger? "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren you did it unto Me."

## The Crib: Brother Paul, the O'Farrell Children, and a Christmas Stocking

BROTHER PAUL WAS sweeping the cocoanut matting in front of the partly erected Crib with even more than customary energy.

It was the morning of Christmas Eve and he would be sweeping all over again in the afternoon, but he was anxious to stress the bodily vigor of his eighty-odd years, for there had been whisperings in the monastery that Brother Paul was getting too old for his job. His gentle mouth formed itself into a firm line as he swept at the obstinate wisps of hay or went down on his knees to detach them from their setting.

For nearly sixty years he had done the task of the least. His favorite devotion was to scrub the boards where the faithful knelt when they made the Stations. The sanctuary steps he approached with awe, and a "*Domine non sum dignus*." Everybody loved Brother Paul. The virtues of the three vows smiled out of his kind old eyes at the world which worshipped in the monastic church. He would certainly be canonized some day, people said. He swept the more vigorously now because there were some people about who might later on comment to the Father Superior on his strength; not that Brother Paul was given to disingenuous ways, but the Father Superior had said to him only yesterday, "Brother Paul, I don't like you going up and down those terrible stone stairs to the church, you will be killing yourself one day." Now the brothers in the infirmary only went up and down the terrible stone stairs when personally conducted. It was one of the rules, and the infirmary had been implied in the Superior's remark. Retirement into private life meant not only the

BY ENID DINNIS

relinquishing of one's task, but the deprivation of visits to the

church at one's own will. In Brother Paul's case he had practically lived in the church, helping the brother Sacristan. It was in no vain-glorious spirit that he called attention to his efficient laboring.

The people approaching proved to be of no more importance than John and Sheila O'Farrell in the custody of Miss Berryman, the nursery governess. Sheila was asking questions, as was inevitable. "Does the little Jesus hang up His stocking on Christmas Eve?" Many a Catholic child has asked the same question, doubtless, but Miss Berryman was a recent convert and she was rather shocked.

John came to the rescue whilst she was collecting herself. "Of course, not" he said. "He doesn't come till Christmas day."

"But our Lady could hang it up for Him; she comes on Christmas Eve with St. Joseph," Sheila contended.

At this point Miss Berryman intervened in an official strain. "The Holy Child does not need toys," she said, "He wants little offerings like I told you about at breakfast. Little acts."

"That was just when I wouldn't eat my porridge," Sheila said. "I did eat it, but I would rather He had had a scooter or an automobile that goes by itself."

"I have never seen a crib with a stocking hanging up," John observed thoughtfully. "It would be great!"

"Hush! There's Brother Paul listening to your silly nonsense," Miss Berryman cried in alarm. "What will he think of you?"

## THE † SIGN

"Pooh! Brother Paul's been for years in his second childhood," John retorted, repeating verbatim a remark taken from his eldest brother who was himself approaching adolescence.

**S**HEILA was interested. "What's second childhood?" she asked.

John explained, "You begin to grow the wrong way. You get younger each day instead of older."

Sheila considered the matter. "Then Brother Paul must be very young she determined, if he has started being a child for years. He must be almost new-born like the little Jesus."

Miss Berryman was horrified. Brother Paul was within earshot, unless super-old age had affected his hearing. She hustled the children off towards the church door. "I am ashamed of you" she said to John. "Brother Paul is a most holy man. Once upon a time he was a rich gentleman in the world and he gave it all up to come and be a poor lay-brother. Father Gabriel told me all about him; he will perhaps be canonized some day. Everybody says so." She was about to add, for Miss Berryman had an exact mind, "except the Father Superior," but she refrained from repeating the confidence of young Father Gabriel who was irked in his mind by the Father Superior's guarded attitude towards the brother who was a saint by popular acclamation.

At the door of the church they met Father Superior himself.

"Brother Paul is working away like a Trojan," Miss Berryman observed. "What a wonder he is! I suppose it is all will-power?"

The Father smiled. "Brother Paul has a grand will of his own," he said.

Sheila, the irrepressible, broke in. "Did he make it himself? My daddy made a will when he was ill, and Mr. Phelps helped him, and Sarah, our housemaid—she can write her name beautifully. He keeps it in the iron box. Where does Brother Paul keep his will?" Whilst Miss Berryman was considering how far it was permissible to be amused in church Father Superior indulged in an undisguised laugh. "I guess he keeps it somewhere inside the hood of his cowl," he said. That's where we keep our treasure."

"Has it got a seal on it?" the terrible child persisted. "Daddy put his own seal on his will, but Kitty uses mother's. Perhaps Brother Paul used somebody else's. Perhaps it was God's?"

Miss Berryman, fortified by the Superior's example, laughed audibly, but the Superior, contrarily, remained serious. What queer things children take into their heads to say?

As the good priest was pursuing his way up the

church Father Gabriel emerged from his confessional. He greeted his Superior with almost the same remark as Miss Berryman had made. "Brother Paul is going strong," said Father Gabriel, "this cleaning up is almost too much for him."

The other cast a glance in the Brother's direction. "He knows how I feel in the matter," he said with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"But, Father," the younger man put in, "why not make him rest? Brother Paul understands obedience better than any of us. Why he is a saint."

The other answered with a smile. "Follow the Church's example, my son," he said, "and call no man a saint until he has been dead fifty years."

Father Gabriel was not a little jarred by the comment. He hated his Superior to betray this ungenerous trait in his character. Nobody else failed to give dear old Brother Paul his due, and he wanted the Superior to be a saint as well as Brother Paul. This form of spiritual gluttony was a defect in Father Gabriel which time might be hoped to cure, for he was still very youthful. His Superior crossed over to where Brother Paul was sweeping. "Hard at it, Brother" he said, "don't you find it too much for you?"

Brother Paul's gentle old face stiffened. Miss Berryman had been right about the will power. But then a man who had left the world to become an abject in the house of the Lord would not be lacking in will power. "Not a bit," he said, "not a bit."

"You would be better resting," said Father Superior, and Brother Paul shot an apprehensive glance at the face which was not less lacking in resolution than his own. But the word of command remained unsaid. The Father turned away, and Brother Paul continued to wrestle with his task.

**T**HE O'FARRELL'S house was but two doors away from the church, and John's visits to the latter were not invariably made in the custody of Miss Berryman. His mother, who had made up her mind that he was going to be a priest, encouraged visits "made off his own bat." John was a mischievous child but he kept his mischief for secular affairs. When a black stocking was missing from the mending basket it might easily have been suspected that John had found a use for it for some purpose of his own, but that the use should have any connection with ecclesiastical matters would have occurred to no one. As a matter of fact John had quietly settled the matter in his mind that a hung-up stocking would make a delightful addition to the Crib, which was famous throughout the city of Crowdvill for the daring novelties introduced by the Fathers. Father Gabriel had said in his

## THE † SIGN

sermon to the children that the Holy Child had played with toys like other children. Then why not indicate this by hanging up a stocking? Sheila, his one confidant, was not entirely satisfied. It was mainly to please her that he was doing it. Her five year old ideas were of a more definite nature than his." Suppose our Lady hasn't anything to put in," she suggested. "Of course I know it's mummies, not Santa Claus, who put the toys in." [Miss Berryman has explained that in the interests of truth.] "I wouldn't like the little Jesus to be disappointed."

"Sometimes other people put things in," John said, by way of being consoling. Being nearly eight he had grave doubts as to our Lady's functioning in the matter. Sheila, however, for all his fears, was keen as a knife on the stocking being hung up. Fortune favored John, when, just before bedtime, he managed to slip out and into church. John knew all the ins and outs, especially the acolyte of the sacristy, being already in office as an acolyte on great occasions like tonight for instance. He was able to enter the Crib by a back way, and make his addition to the completed ensemble behind the drawn curtains which would open with dramatic effect when the midnight procession to the Crib took place.

**A**T THIS point something like diffidence overtook the realist. Perhaps he had better hang the stocking where it would not be seen unless you looked very hard? He would show it to Father Gabriel, and of course, to Sheila. So the stocking was hung up well behind the manger and discreetly out of sight as far as the uninitiated were concerned.

John emerged cautiously into the aisle. All the confessions were being heard on the other side and there was nobody near, or rather so he had thought. But he had been mistaken. Brother Paul was pottering about outside the Crib. He was stooping to excavate the petal of a chrysanthemum from the irreproachable matting swept when John made his appearance. The latter faced the situation. He determined to take Brother Paul into his confidence—after all he was in his second childhood. He met the expression of mild enquiry—Brother Paul was never greatly surprised at anything—with a frank confession, if that is the right word to use where one has been doing a deed, if not of dare-and-do, of something very near akin.

John put his lips, mysteriously, close to Brother Paul's ear. It was unnecessary for the old man had wonderfully acute hearing. "I've been hanging up a stocking for the Holy Child," he whispered loudly. "Don't tell anybody"—that was the right formula with a "secret."

**B**ROTHER Paul absorbed the information slowly. He was very sleepy. Tidying up the mess made by the builders of the Crib was a beloved task—it fitted in with his *Domine non sum dignus*—but it did take it out of him nowadays. He listened patiently with a vague feeling that he had heard something about a stocking before. Ah, yes, this was the small boy who had told his governess that he was in his second childhood. Children will repeat what they hear. He smiled very kindly on John after he remembered that. It is well to know what people are saying about us. "I did it to please Sheila," John explained. He would rather have told Father Gabriel but he was in his confessional and one doesn't confess good actions. John was nearly quite sure that it was a good action. "Sheila is afraid that our lady may not put anything into it," he continued. Then he fell to wondering if the lay-brother really carried a treasure inside the hood of his cowl. Brother Paul would give away his head, everyone said that—he was going to be canonized—but it was unlikely that what he set value on would please Someone with the tastes of an ordinary boy. John found himself half believing in Sheila's notions. Perhaps it came of speaking to someone who had arrived at the youthfulness of the new-born Christ?

An immense congregation crowded to the midnight Mass at the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows. Somewhere about eleven-thirty Father Gabriel came out into the dark church to see that the lights were turned on and the people admitted. He very nearly tumbled over someone fast asleep in one of the benches. It proved to be Brother Paul. He must have stayed on in church instead of going back to his cell. For a moment Father Gabriel almost wished that he, himself, had been like the brother mentioned in the *Fioretti* who hid under the high altar in order to witness the intimacies that existed between Heaven and a certain holy man. He touch the sleeping man gently on the shoulder to rouse him and then passed on his way. There was a sweet expression on the old man's face which made Father Gabriel say to himself as he drew the big bolts of the door, "Brother Paul will most certainly be canonized."

The unveiling of the Crib before Mass was a feature of the occasion. Mrs. O'Farrell allowed both her younger children to be present. Sheila occupied a seat on the front bench in our Lady's aisle for the Crib part of the ceremony. John, resplendent in scarlet cassock and surplice, rejoiced in an even more prominent place. There was nothing between him and the manger when the clergy and acolytes grouped themselves before the still drawn curtains of the Crib.

## THE † SIGN

**S**LOWLY the curtains withdrew themselves, to the strains of "Come to the Manger." People craned their necks. There was always something new and interesting in the Crib at Our Lady of Sorrows. The Fathers were so very enterprising.

Something new and enterprising there certainly was. By the side of the manger, well to the fore, there lay a black stocking—a black stocking which, in addition to bulging suggestively, had sticking out of the top the head of a much used wisp-broom!

Fortunately the object was only visible to those immediately in front. A server had the presence of mind to remove it boldly from the face of the congregation which might so easily have interpreted it as a piece of realism which went beyond permissible bounds, even in our days; and the ceremony proceeded without any further hitch.

As may well be imagined, due investigation followed the unseemly incident. The stocking had been found to contain a scrubbing brush. The Crib had been in order when Brother Sacristan had taken a last look when he closed the church after confessions. Very reluctantly, and with a deep pain in his heart, Father Gabriel informed the Father Superior of his discovery of Brother Paul sleeping in the church. The culprit had been identified beyond exculpation. The broom was Brother Paul's, so was the scrubbing brush; the stocking had yet to be explained.

"Thank Heaven, it was not an intentional outrage," the Father Superior said. "Poor old Brother Paul, I ought to have put him in the infirmary long ago. I wonder where he got hold of the stocking?"

He was not left to wonder on that point long. During the morning little John O'Farrell presented himself with a very scared face to make confession—an open one. Father Gabriel was there as well as Father Superior when he made it. It was he, John, who had put the stocking in the Crib, but he had hidden it at the back of the manger, and he hadn't put the broom in it.

The presence of his beloved Father Gabriel gave him courage to enlarge on the stocking episode. He had hung it up to please Sheila, and he had told nobody except Brother Paul, and he had told Brother Paul not to tell anybody else.

When John had been sent home, comforted and reassured, the two Fathers had renewed their consultation. A great weight seemed to have been lifted from Father Gabriel's mind. "*Deo gratias!*" he cried, "I believe I have got the hang of the thing! Brother Paul is by way of being a sleep-walker. He must have done this thing in his sleep. He had the idea of putting things into the stocking thrust into his mind, as it were, by the little chap's

words when he was almost falling asleep. You may be sure he did it in his sleep. There is nothing the matter with Brother Paul's wits. *Deo gratias!*"

Father Superior was equally pleased. "Pray God you are right," he said. "But we shall be able to tell. If Brother Paul did this in his sleep he will have forgotten it but he will remember about the stocking if he still has his wits about him."

So Brother Paul was summoned. He came alertly, although there was a tired look in his eyes. "Now, Brother," said the Father, "have you any recollection how your broom and scrubbing brush got inside a stocking in the Crib when there was nobody in church except yourself?"

But Brother Paul had no recollection whatsoever. He was as intrigued as they were; completely bewildered.

Father Superior tried again. "Can you tell us anything as to how the stocking got there?" he asked.

Brother Paul thought for a moment. Then he shook his head. "I can tell you nothing," said Brother Paul, and his chin suddenly became firm—set.

"We thought, Brother, that you might have been walking in your sleep," said the Superior," but there was something happened before you went to sleep and we want to know what it was." He paused a moment, then he continued, "If you are not able to tell us, I am afraid that it will mean that you will have to take care of yourself, very great care." The look of apprehension came into Brother Paul's face. Then it slowly changed to an almost roguish smile. "I can tell you nothing," said Brother Paul,—"nothing at all." His mouth set itself into a firm line. He no longer looked bewildered.

**F**ATHER Gabriel made a movement, he was about to speak, but Brother Paul had suddenly found something more to say. "If I must be taken care of, it is God's will," he said, with a flashing smile that radiated from his toil-worn countenance. Then the smile had vanished and he was on his knees kissing the ground. "I ask pardon of God, and penance of you, my Father," he said.

"Now come, Brother it was no fault of yours that you walked in your sleep." The Superior said it very gently.

Brother Paul looked up. "But I have not been asleep all the time," he said. "God have mercy on a wilful old-sinner."

Father Gabriel had found it hard to contain himself during this last scene. Silenced by a gesture from his Superior, no sooner had Brother Paul left the room than he broke out: "Can't you



## THE † SIGN

see, Father, Brother Paul is shielding the boy. He remembers well enough. His wits are all there."

The Superior answered him in his calm, unhurried way. "I got at that too—it was, fairly obvious."

"Then you are not going to put him in the infirmary?"

"Most certainly I am."

"But you will explain that it was simply sleep-walking?"

"I am not sure."

The young priest gasped. "But if this other idea gets about? . . . why, it might stop his being canonized some day."

The other replied. "It may stop him from being canonized," he said, tersely "but it will make him a saint."

He laid a hand on the other's shoulder. "I have waited for this for years," he said, "we must say *Te Deum*. I have prayed for it, and" he added, "I have longed for it. I might have pressed the vow on Brother Paul and his act would have had the merit of holy obedience, but," he paused—

theological definition seemed to elude him—"but, in that case the Holy Child would not have found something in His stocking, eh?"

So they said their *Te Deum*. And later on Father Gabriel said a second one by himself, for he had had a very festive Christmas; a spiritual feast with two saints for his veneration in the place of one.

AND AS for Brother Paul, he faded from public ken into very private life, as well he might having made the Holy Child a present of his broom and scrubbing brush. Very few people knew about the latter. Not even those who had stood in the forefront at the unveiling of the Crib. John alone had his suspicions. "There was something else inside the stocking," he told Sheila. "I saw it bulging."

"Pr'aps it was the thingumbob that Brother Paul keeps in the hood of his cowl." Sheila suggested. "The little Jesus would be pleased with it if it had God's seal on it because God's seal must be *much* beautifuller than Brother Paul's own."

## A Christmas Offering

BY VIOLET O'CONNOR

My heart's no better than a stable,  
Filled with wood, and straw, and hay,  
The rubbish of material atoms  
From perfection gone astray;  
Yet such as it is, Sweet Holy Child,  
I give you my heart today.

My body's like a stupid donkey  
Not yet under good control,  
Gibbing, when he's asked to gallop  
In *Your* service, to *Your* goal;  
But such as he is, old Brother Ass,  
I give him you, body and soul.

My work's like any stolid creature's—  
Dull as yoked oxen I,  
Pulling heavy loads of turnips—  
But to guide the plough I'll try,  
And learn, without one glance behind,  
The custody of the eye.

A donkey! ox! and poor old stable  
Bundled up with straw and hay!  
That really seems all I am able  
To bring to You this Christmas day;  
But it's what You *chose* in Bethlehem,  
So You will not turn away.

I've longed in vain for Angel's wings  
To bear me on my way,  
I've longed in vain for gifts of kings  
To offer You today.  
I cannot sing as an Angel sings,  
I cannot bring what a wise man brings,  
My mind's all clashing with untuned strings,  
But with all my heart I pray:  
In exchange for these grosser things,  
Oh! give me Your grace today.

# Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for December, 1926)

THE INTENTION of the Archconfraternity for this month is Our American Youth. Outside the Church the spirit of our American young men and women today is not a spirit that tends toward the things of religion. As a body they have sensed the emptiness of ever shifting spiritual values, and are turning their backs altogether upon Christianity and Christ Himself, to follow after the false gods of cheap and tawdry pleasures that must ruin them.

It is trite to remark that our American youth who have lost their faith must return to our Lord Jesus Christ if they are to bring any real happiness into their lives; to the God for Whom the pagans of old yearned in the midst of the same kind of cheap and tawdry pleasures; to the God Who has formed the heart of man and Who alone can teach man how to satisfy its highest cravings.

But where is this Christ? How many there are around us who do not know. Indeed, outside the Church, multitudes in America do not so much as know that Christ is God. For many of them He is not God. For all of them He is someone, God or man, who lived and died and left this world never to return. How then, come back to Him?

Ah, we Catholics know the answer to that question. We know that Christ our Lord and our God is not someone Who lived and died and left this world. We know that He promised to stay with us all days, and that He has kept His promise, living with us in our churches under the form of a little piece of bread, repeating among us the life He lived nineteen centuries ago in Palestine, gathering us and our children about Himself, and teaching us how to live our lives so that we may be really happy here and hereafter.

If we love Him and love these souls for whom He gave Himself and for whom He yearns in all the little tabernacles of the world, we must try in some way to bring them back to Him. Here lies the work of the lay apostolate that we hope to discuss more and more in these pages.

In connection with this work, a letter recently received may prove interesting to our readers.

Editor of THE SIGN:

You have asked your readers' opinions concerning the work of the lay apostolate. The work in itself is splendid, but in the way proposed by the Archconfraternity of the Passion, impractical, for two reasons that I shall try to bring out.

This work cannot be successfully undertaken by the ordinary Catholic first of all, because the every-day Catholic is appallingly ignorant of his Faith; and not only would he not be able to attract others to it, but would find that the arguments of those outside might often attract him to go outside the Church. For example, the doctrines of the Church concerning the existence of hell, the practice of birth control, etc., do not appeal to the natural man as do the beliefs of many outside. Besides, many of the human defects of the Church, unknown to or glossed over by the ordinary Catholic, would be forcibly brought to his attention by many non-Catholics, and the shock might be too much for him.

Secondly, this work would be unsuccessful, because the ordinary Catholic is quite as appallingly ignorant of how to attract others to the Faith as he is of the Faith itself. Religion is the most delicate and dangerous of subjects for discussion, and in most cases the argument becomes a dispute and then a quarrel, which instead of attracting someone into the Church, sends him farther off.

What, then, shall we do? Sit supinely by, while so many are drifting ever further from us? Not at all. But our activity should consist in becoming better Catholics, in knowing, loving and practicing our Faith far better than we do ordinarily. Here we have a work that will set us forth on the oldest and best kind of lay apostolate work, that of good example. Here there will be no chance of losing our Faith, or in repelling those outside. It is a slower method, but a surer way; and perhaps after some of our Catholics have studied to practice this way, they may begin the work you suggest.

Sincerely,

Experienced.

Now, will you please let us know what *you* think of that? Address, Moderator of Archconfraternity, c/o The Sign  
Union City, N. J.

## THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. FIRST DEGREE Members make daily Five Offerings of the Precious Blood in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ. SECOND DEGREE Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. THIRD DEGREE Members make five to ten minutes Meditation daily on the Passion besides saying the prayers of the First and Second Degrees. The SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY of the Archconfraternity consists in a CRUSADE OF PRAYERS and GOOD WORKS for missionary work at home and in China. Membership will increase your personal devotion to Christ Crucified. Send your name for enrollment to THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

## Amos: *The Samaritan and His Bale of Purple Cloth*

**A**MOS, THE old weaver who dwelt in a humble cottage beside the town of Samaria, drew wearily nigh to the gates of the city. It was late, and the city in the shadows was dark. Although he was now quite near it, to his dim eyes it seemed still to be afar off. In soreness of foot and dull trouble of mind, the old man, thinking bitterly of the luxuries Caesar Augustus who had imposed upon him this thirty mile journey for enrollment, was strongly tempted to cast himself by the wayside and travel no further.

The bale of fine cloth, that he carried in hope of doing business in Bethlehem among citizens and strangers, would help much to ease his roadside couch, and if unfolded, would also serve to protect his aged body from the severity of the night wind. He stood in loneliness for a moment; gazed toward the city; gazed toward the stunted olives edging the track; gazed with solicitude upon the fine purple stuff he had wrought on his loom. Then, conscious more than ever of the aching of his limbs, he moved onward with a dejection of aspect that was pitiful.

"It is not meet that I should in such wise waste the precious fruit of my long labors," he murmured as he advanced. "With strength I shall go up to the city, and find there a shelter that will burden me with the sacrifice of but a small coin. Even at this hour there may be strangers abroad who will look with favor on the good cloth that in my weakness I would spoil. Yet," he thought shrewdly, "yet better avoid traffic with strangers in the darkness of the city—fresh eyes of the morning will see more beauty in rich coloring of purple and folds of silken smoothness."

Thinking which, he clasped with a greater care the bale of cloth that he bore on his shoulder, and fixed its covering more firmly beneath the leathern fastening. He was cold and hungry. Always thrifty, Amos had taken with him on his journey only a frugal measure of food to sustain him on the way. And thinking to allow himself more freedom and energy to bear his burden of woven stuffs, he had left behind in his cottage the heavier garments that might have impeded him. Now he lacked their warmth, even as he lacked the food to gratify the sharp appetite produced by his unusually long spell of walking.

"I should not have lagged on the way," he reflected, feeling his scrip to assure himself that

By P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY the wherewithal to buy food and shelter lay still securely there.

"The night grows darker and more cold. And it is silent here, so near unto the city; silent and overshadowed as a place of sorrow. I give thanks to God that I am now at last come to the city gates..."

His reflections were suddenly interrupted. Near him he had heard a stealthy, crackling sound; and he stood very still, listening. Again he heard a rustling low noise that seemed to come from amongst some palm-trees that grew together, in dusky soft masses, on either side of the road. Listening intently, he heard now another sound—low whispers of voices that were indistinct, and, because of their hiddenness, menacing. He was suddenly oppressed with fears of unknown dangers, and moved forward quickly, striving to calm himself. But the sounds of light foot-steps, the secrecy of muttering voices, stole along among the shadows, following him with dark threat, it seemed. And Amos, who was a nervous old man, halted, trembling, with fluttering heart, and blanched face, and cried out: "In the name of Moses and of Abraham and the Prophets, I beseech ye to come forth in peace!"

**B**UT there was no answer to this appeal of the old man, except that the whispering voices were silent. And again Amos cried out: "Speak aloud in friendship, I beseech ye, for I am but an old man who goeth alone and in poverty!"

But again there was no answer. Only now a shape came silently from beneath the trees, and slipped like a shadow along the way until it reached Amos, who was all unaware of the cat-like approach. And another shape slid outward, and crept from a different direction towards the weaver. And this dark creature Amos saw, and smote with his staff as he sprang. Then Amos was himself struck heavily, as by the strong timber of a tree. But although sinking beneath the great force of the blow, he was little hurt, for the stroke had fallen on his bale of cloth, which was like a very thick and buoyant pad across his shoulder. He was somewhat cheered by this escape; and, shaking off his nervousness, he strove to defend himself and his moneys, and the rich purple fabric by which he set great store. Despite his many years and his recent timidity, he swung his staff now with a resolute vigor. But at last, amid a confusion of

## THE † SIGN

blows, he was stricken down by the two thieves who had waylaid him. And while he protested in the name of the Law and the Prophets against the wickedness of this injustice, the two thieves laid hands upon the old man, to strip him and rob him.

**L**YING powerless beneath their weight, and held rudely by grappling, bony hands, poor Amos in secret besought the Lord for deliverance from these enemies. As he prayed, he heard the coarse jesting of the wretches, who were leisurely in their outrage, and appeared to take breath after their late assault before denuding the weaver of all the riches that he had upon his person. Hot breaths struck unpleasantly on the old man's face. Low laughter rumbled close to his ear.

They cut the leathern strips that bound the bale of purple stuff. They drew Amos upright and pulled off his robe. One of them sought for his scrip. Then the thief who was standing with the mean robe in his hand flung it down unexpectedly on the ground beside the bale of cloth and the staff of Amos.

"Leave him alone," he said to the other thief.

And to the greater amazement of their victim, the other thief said in tones of apprehension:

"Perhaps it is better. I am afraid, I know not why."

"And I, too, am afraid," said the first thief. "Let us go hence, and leave this old man; for we know not what wrath may come upon us in the night."

"But whence is this thing that fills us with such a strange fear? It is as though angels of the Lord came this way, and shook the darkness so that it trembles with portent of their coming."

"Quick! Let us go!"

"We must go. I am driven to hide myself afar off. I think with shame of my iniquity."

"It is a visitation that passeth understanding. But come! We talk too much."

"Old man, we leave thee in peace, and beseech our father, Abraham, to bless thee."

There was a noisy rushing of feet beneath the palm-trees, and Amos knew they had gone in haste. Through the darkness dwindled the amaze of their voices. And then silence—silence that seemed to be laden with such solemnity as Amos had known in the Temple, and in the synagogues at prayer. He sought for his possessions, and having found them, withdrew fearfully to the road-side to adjust his robe, and bind his ware anew.

While he stayed there, very still, very silent, he saw the dim figure of a man leading a donkey on which sat another cloaked figure that swayed gently

to the movements of the willing little beast that stepped so sturdily towards the city. They drew nigh Amos, and passed by. Even as they passed him, the weaver was uplifted in his mind, and felt comforted by their presence. And though a feeling of awe was ever vivid in his bosom, he made haste to gird his robe about him, so that he might follow near to them. Sharing at a little distance their companionship, he entered Bethlehem with them, and went even to that same inn at which they sought shelter.

The master of the inn came to the door with a lantern in his hand, and in the light Amos saw the quiet humble man who led the donkey; and he saw that the one who rode was a woman, very young and beautiful. Indeed, the wondrous holy beauty of her face, the pure joy that lit her delicate countenance as with radiance of sanctity, struck Amos himself with joy and reverence that he felt could only be of holiness. And he praised the Lord because He had vouchsafed him protection through the coming of those two wayfarers to the city. For he was not unmindful of how the thieves had been stricken with a great fear; and how he himself had been awed and gladdened, when they drew near him as he stood beside their path.

"There is no room..."

**T**HE word of the inn-master rang coldly in the cold night, and Amos saw the two travellers turning away. The city was filled with strangers. The inns were crowded to the utmost, and in the streets there were many of those who had come to be enrolled. A man of Samaria who knew Amos hailed him at the moment that the inn-keeper, gazing after the two whom he had turned away, was holding his lantern aloft:

"Whither goest thou, Amos?"

"Ah, Nathaniel! so thou, too, art here. Well, my errand is as thine," said Amos.

"Perchance even more than mine," said Nathaniel, touching the bale of cloth. "But whither goest thou for meat and sleep, Amos?"

"I know not. There are many in the city."

"The inns are full. I have sought in vain for shelter. But what has happened to thee, Amos? A moment since thou didst look sadly bruised, with blood upon thy cheek—"

"Bruised? Blood upon my cheek?"

"Yea, of a surety. I saw it in the lantern light. And now thou speakest like one bewildered."

"I am, indeed, bewildered," said Amos. "Truly, I had forgotten that I fell this night among thieves and was beaten by them. But they robbed me not. Yea, rather they left me in peace. And so great was her beauty . . . so holy was her countenance . .



## THE † SIGN

that in blessedness of remembering... and remembering my fear—"

"Amos, Amos, thou speakest as it were in riddles."

"I will tell thee. I will tell thee, Nathaniel."

"When thou hast rested and taken food. But this is a cold city, Amos. Let us seek a refuge outside its dark walls. We can buy food in the market-place as we go towards the southern gate."

And arm in arm they went away from the portals of the noisy inn.

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THE NIGHT was bitterly cold, and in the keen wind there whirled snow that would soon mantle the land in fleecy white. Amos, the weaver, and his friend, Nathaniel, drew themselves further within the sheltered nook, beneath overhanging rocks, which they had found along the road at a little distance from Bethlehem. Low shrubs and brown brushwood guarded it from the wind and snow. Withered leaves and bracken, deeply piled, made a soft resting-place. Presently the snow driven against the bushes, began to thicken there, so that they were in a little while protected more securely from the storm and by the very wings, as it were, of the storm itself.

Yet it was cold. Crouching there, growing chill after the warmth of travelling, Amos could feel a very painful aching in all his limbs.

"Me thinks great Caesar Augustus might have spared old men such a journey, Nathaniel," said Amos, covering himself more thoroughly with the dead leaves.

"Verily, he could, Amos," his friend said, drowsily, as he curled warmly and deeply in the bracken.

Nathaniel, the maker of water-bottles and shoon and bridles—a versatile worker in leather, indeed—was just so old as Amos. He had journeyed leisurely and carelessly. And he had not fallen among thieves. Nor had he any strange spiritual experience like to that of Amos. He had only heard of the odd adventure as they supped together. So that he could now sink down tranquilly in this refuge and find pleasant sleep.

"Out of his many legions he might have chosen swift couriers to go into the highways and by-ways to make this enrollment," continued Amos.

"Yea, he could," said Nathaniel, murmuring.

"And now it is cold. It is dark and strange in this place. And what with weariness, and my bruises, and... and... but, Nathaniel, thou art sleeping!"

Nathaniel spoke not. But his breathing told of slumber, Amos, with a sigh, stretched himself more comfortably, and lay still, pondering his adventures of the day, until sleep stole upon him like a sweet

perfume of incense. And while he slept he dreamed of those who had come to him in his extremity, from whom the thieves, shameful of themselves, had fled afar.

Quite suddenly, and at the same moment, the two sleepers awoke.

"Nathaniel!"

"Amos!"

"Nathaniel, I dreamed a dream," said Amos, rising on his elbow. "I saw them of whom I spoke."

"I also dreamed," said Nathaniel, "I heard strange voices. I saw Judea like a great field moving as the earth shook. And in the heavens I saw a glory shining that was like to the sun, but greater."

"And I saw her face like a vision. The snows of the morning shine not more purely, nor the stars of the firmament with such a tenderness—"

"Hark, Amos! Was not that a sound like music in the night?"

"The winds are now still," said Amos, listening, and then: "I hear not any sound of music, Nathaniel."

"Yet I seemed to hear sweet music. And look: the snow has ceased falling. The night is fair."

"The skies are strangely lit, and the very darkness seems to tremble," said Amos. "Yea, my aged heart seems to tremble, too. It is the joy of my remembrance..."

"Hush!" cried Nathaniel softly. "Ah, now there is music indeed! Amos, Amos, it is a very glory of music, as though choirs of heaven sing. Yea, it seems to fall down upon us like rain of harmony from the high heavens."

But Amos, with wonder in his eyes and on his pale face, his hands clasped as in prayer, was silent, listening.

"Come, Amos," said Nathaniel; "let us go forth. I hear sweet voices upon the hills. And look: yonder is a wide light shining! Praise the Lord, and the glory of the heavens that are His..."

THEY went out in haste to the road, and turned them to hills. And when they had travelled perhaps a furlong, they heard men coming down from the hills, speaking amongst themselves, and praising and glorifying God. So much was their haste, and so rapt were they in offering up their praises, that they heeded not Amos and Nathaniel, who stood by the track, wondering. But Amos ran to one old man with a shepherd's crook, who was behind and a little apart, because he was lame, and he spoke with him, asking him what strange thing had come to pass.

"Friend, friend, this day is born to you a Savior, Who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David,"

## THE † SIGN

said the shepherd, with shining eyes, moving forward again as he made joyous utterance. "I speak as the angel hath told us. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger."

"In a manger!" said Amos. "Perchance because there was no room in the inn!"

"Come with us, and see this word which is come to pass, which the Lord hath shewed to us."

"Nathaniel," called Amos, hurrying along beside the shepherd. "Nathaniel, it is the Messiah—"

But his friend had left him and was gone with the other shepherds, who had not slackened their excited speed. They came at length to a certain stable that was like a cave beneath a hill, and the shepherds entered in, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger. And they cast themselves down in adoration of the Savior Christ, who lay in swaddling clothes in the straw of the manger.

AMOS, kneeling in worship nigh the doorway, saw the Babe and the Virgin Mother and her holy Spouse; and he remembered a face that had shone for him with holiness, and the quiet man who had led the little donkey to the door of the inn. For now he saw them again, and the stable seemed

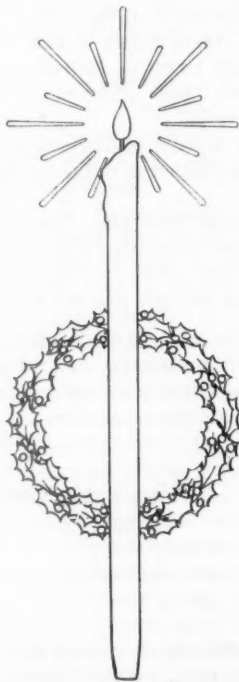
illuminated by radiance from the Holy Face of the Child, and from the face of her.

"Blessed be the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," said Amos with joy within himself. "The stone which the builders rejected," he thought, remembering the Psalms, "the same is become the head of the corner. By the Lord this has been done; and it is wonderful in our eyes."

With his adoration and wonder there was mingled great pity for the Child lying in the manger, and for the Mother who watched by Him so tenderly in the cold stable. And this pity brought to his mind a thought of his own riches, and he arose and went out from the stable. He hastened to the place outside the city, where he and Nathaniel had slept; and searching deeply in the dry leaves, he found that which his old hands had wrought so deftly on his loom.

"He that had much, had nothing over," he said, using words of the Book of Exodus, "and he that had little, had no want."

And bearing with him his gift of finely-woven cloth, whose rich purple folds were of a generous measure, and of a coloring that was good to look upon, the old weaver of Samaria, rejoicing in spirit, went back to the stable.



## The Christmas Candle

BY JESSIE F. EDGERLY

This lovely candle with its soft ray beaming  
Sends out its light across the country fields  
The people in this house from harm it shields  
This lovely candle with its soft ray beaming.

Across the clatter of the city streets  
It shines to light the Christ Child on His way  
From Bethlehem's stable to our home today  
Across the clatter of the city streets.

A little light, just as a Sign and Symbol  
Of that Great Light that came upon the night  
When Radiance flooded on the Shepherd's sight  
A little light, just as a Sign and Symbol.

A light of Love and Peace and Christmas Cheer  
Secure, a gleaming path across the ages—  
It shines on us as on the Kings and Sages  
A light of Love and Peace and Christmas Cheer.

## Belen: *The Lady of the Blue Mantle and the White Desert Light*

THEY BORED into the wilderness from the north—the very road that later was to be immortalized as the magic Sante Fe Trail—a vagabond crew, the outcasts of de Onate's army; tricksters, gamblers, thieves; the scum of Spain, the spawn of Mexico, spilled into the desert with its ever changing sands. Above them the sky was a dream of color and luminous beauty. Before them lay the new-made city of Sante Fe. And the year was 1620.

Juan Sandoval, their ruthless and cruel leader, had taken his little band into San Francisco Cañon, which nestles in a cup of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, between Colorado and New Mexico, and pitched his tents for the summer. A fruitful country through which they pillaged and enslaved all before them. Returning in the autumn to the warmer southern country, their band was increased twofold by the slaves they had taken from the pueblos.

With Juan Sandoval, traveled his wife, the beautiful Isobel, and their infant daughter, Catalina, who was named for her greatgrandmother, Catalina, first wife of Cortes, Alcalde of Santiago de Cuba. The babe was fair as a flower. *La Flora Blanco*—The White Flower, she was called.

Sandoval caused his slaves to erect for his family in the lee of the tall cottonwoods, a home of adobe brick, in the shape of a hollow square enclosing a patio-garden. It was on a rising ground above a stream. Beyond the cottonwoods lay the sheds, corrals, barns and thatched huts of the slaves. Here he lived in fuedal grandeur, spending the winter with his family while his men fared forth to kill and steal.

One day in the spring he led his men forth to the plains to the westward. Utterly fearless, it was his custom to ride in advance of his band. An arrow pierced his heart. His men fled in confusion. The savages pursued, captured or killed the entire company, and triumphantly entered the village where Sandoval's house shone out like a castle under turquoise skies athwart the crimson sands.

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AT BELEN, in 1740, a mission settlement was founded for the Janissaries—Indians and mixed Spaniards captured in childhood and forced to work as servants. They were the extraneous element of society, segregated from both the

BY CONSTANCE EDGERTON

Spaniards and the Indians.

Chief amongst them was a woman Catalina Sandoval, called the White Flower wife of an Indian, mother of his children. Hers had been a matriarchial house. With pride she told of her fathers, grandees from old Spain. But of these people no trace had she found, and ever she was searching. Nomad tribes from the salt marshes, Spanish colonists, Padres, she questioned. To no avail. She was very old—the oldest person in the parish. Some gave her one hundred twenty years. Her face was hard and wrinkled. Desert sun and wind had changed its one time whiteness. Her eyes and mind were keen. She practised medicine, spoke many dialects, and translated for the Padre, but recently come from Spain.

BELEN, which is the Spanish name for Bethlehem, has to the westward an open sweep of desert, stretching more than one hundred miles to Broom Mountains. Beyond the mountains westward for another hundred miles, are the lava beds and craters of extinct volcanoes. North from the Beds, eighty miles as the crow flies, is Inscription Rock.

In Broom Mountains, more than ninety years back, so said Catalina, was hidden a statue of Our Lady, and several paintings in Spanish oil. The statue was of unbelievable loveliness, the work of a Franciscan, whose mission was far to the westward, overlooking the ocean. A band of Janissaries had been sent to Baja California to bring these likenesses of Our Lady to the Christian Indians of whom Catalina was accounted one. At Broom Mountains they were set upon by a savage tribe. To save their treasures they placed them in a stony cave, the entrance to which none but Catalina knew, she having been with them, and the only member of the band who escaped.

Now she was nearing eternity. She wished her church to have the likenesses of Our Lady, so, with the consent of the Padre, she headed a band westward, passing forbidden walls of rock lava, mesas that lay parched and empty under noonday skies, cañon walls of sheer purple stone black with noonday shadows, lifeless, verdureless. These gave place to a rolling sea of ever changing sands across which spread a chapel on whose front was the coat of arms of the Franciscans—the cross with a coil of rope and two arms below: the one the arm of Christ, the other the arm of St. Francis of Assisi.

"We are but one sun from the cave," said

## THE † SIGN

Catalina. Next day at sundown she led them to it and the men removed the entrance stones.

It was the day before Christmas. The sun was setting on the edge of the sands and the edge of the world, leaving behind a magic light, the far flung horizon enveloped in purple hazes.

Catalina was first to step into the cave. Scarce was she inside than a light brighter than the noon-day sun flooded the place, and a Woman, mantled in blue walked from the far corner of the cave, where She had been standing many years.

The Janissaries fell on their faces.

When they arose they saw on the one side the sands bathed in a soft semi-dusk. To the other side, high on a crag, stood the Lady of the blue mantle, stars blazing in her crown. For a long

moment they gazed at Her. A flood of great white light filled the crags where the Lady had been. *The high, white lights of the desert have shone continuously since.*

They buried Catalina under a gnarled pine tree, at the mountain base, midst playing purple shadows, over which shone the high, white light.

They returned to Belen with the paintings. The statue of Our Lady, of whose great beauty Catalina had told them, they could not find. They searched the cave thoroughly. There was nothing in it except the paintings and the Lady who walked out.

Catalina, they said was old, very old, and was mistaken about the statue. So they hung the paintings in their church, from whose door at nightfall, you can see the high, white light of Broom Mountains, to the westward.

## Mothers

BY HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.

Mothers have a way with them  
Only mothers know;  
Just a secret Heavenly  
God has taught them so.

Arms that know the way to make  
Softest cradle-bed,  
Giving shelter from the world  
To a baby's head.

Hands that know no weariness,  
Blistered to the bone;  
Mothers' hands are made of love,  
Made of love and stone.

Eyes that hoard the sunshine in  
For a rainy day,  
Dropping memories of light  
All along life's way.

Lips that know no other song  
But the song of love;  
They must learn their lullabies  
Somewhere there above.

Feet that climb to Calvary,  
Feet that run to save,  
Feet that follow, follow on  
E'en into the grave.

Mothers have a way with them  
Only mothers know;  
For to take His place on earth  
God just made them so.



## The Sanhedrin: *Fifth Chapter in the Highway of the Cross*

**I**N TREADING the Highway of the Cross, it was pleasing to the Sacred Heart of our Lord that He should stand six times a prisoner before earthly tribunals; thrice before those representing the supreme ecclesiastical authority, and thrice before those representing the supreme civil power. Annas had insolently questioned Him, and permitted without rebuke his servant to strike Him. Thence He had been led to the council-hall of the palace of the high-priest and had appeared before the members of the Sanhedrin. After an interval of over an hour, during which He suffered cruelties and insults from the guards and servants, He was again, when day had broken, placed before this council for a trial and condemnation which should have some appearance of legal formality and consequently of validity.

The tribunal known as the Sanhedrin was at this period the supreme council and court of justice among the Jews. Its jurisdiction extended to all religious questions, and to call civil cases (at least in Judea, Samaria and Idumea), except a very few of highest importance which Rome reserved to her governors. The date and occasion of its origin are uncertain. In the form in which it is found during the lifetime of our Lord and the Apostles, it was probably instituted early in the Machabean period

BY PLACID WAREING, C. P.

(B. C. 168-63). These princes also called Asmoneans, were

entirely engrossed in a valiant struggle to free their country from the yoke of Syria. Hence, they left the supreme management of religious and civil affairs to this national council.

After their time, when Palestine had become a Roman province, Rome, following her custom of leaving to subject peoples their national religion

and institutions, had permitted the Sanhedrin to retain its preëminent position and authority, excepting only the power of life and death. Its personnel was composed of seventy-one members, including the president, taken from three orders in the State, the families of the high-priest, the scribes or doctors of the law, and the ancients or heads of the great families. Twenty-three members appear to have been sufficient to form a legal assembly, but for criminal cases more were required. Their place of meeting had been within the precincts of the Temple in a hall called Gazith (i. e., of hewn or square stones) at the eastern end of the sacred court, but on the deposition of the last ethnarch, Archelaus, and the coming of the Roman Procurators, they held their sittings in the "Gentile Porches," and later on in a hall in the lower town. Three years before our Savior's Passion they seem to have had no fixed place of meeting; and St. John's Gospel seems to imply



CHRIST BEFORE THE SANHEDRIN

"They holding Jesus, led Him to Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and the ancients were assembled. . . And the chief priests and the whole council sought false witness against Jesus, that they might put Him to death; and they found not, whereas many false witnesses came in. And last of all there came two false witnesses; and they said: This Man said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and after three days to rebuild it. And the High priest rising up, said to Him: Answerest thou nothing to the things which these witness against Thee? But Jesus held His peace. And the high priest said to Him: I adjure You by the living God, that Thou tell us if Thou be the Christ the Son of God. Jesus saith to him; Thou hast said it." (ST. MATTHEW: 27/57-64.)

## THE † SIGN

the second assembly held for our Lord's condemnation was, like the first, at the high-priest's palace.

It was, then, just after the light of day had broken over the crowded and awakening city, that our Lord found Himself for a second time arraigned before this supreme tribunal of Israel. The members have taken their places in a semi-circle, sitting in oriental fashion on rich carpets or cushions.

Against the cold of early morning they are wearing a second, shorter, tunic of white wool over the inner one, and their cloaks of rich and divers colored cloth are drawn close with the easy grace of life-long habit; their girdles and sandals show their high rank, folds of silk or muslin of varied hues are turban-wise wound their heads. In the centre on a raised dais is the Nasi, or President, Joseph Caiphas, high-priest for the time being. Next to him is the Saga, or Vice-President Annas still revered by the people as the legitimate high-priest. He is the guiding spirit of the whole proceeding. At each end of the semi-circle is a secretary, one to record favorable evidence and votes, the other the adverse evidence and votes. A majority of one may acquit, but not condemn, and any witnesses coming forward must be heard. A small crowd

of guards, servants and students-of-law are standing looking on. Among the ancients, or nobles, our Lord had at least one friend, Joseph of Arimathea, rich, powerful, of high birth, and influential with the Roman Procurator; among the scribes is Nicodemus, rich and virtuous, and "a master in Israel." There also is the pious and learned Pharisee, Gamaliel, teacher of Paul of Tarsus. These three and other upright and just men, we may be sure, had not been summoned, so that when our Lord raised His eyes, weary and heavy with pain,

He sees no friendly or pitying face. He and they know that they are met again only to condemn Him with some appearance of legality. Already they have heard the witnesses with all their contradicting and conflicting evidence. Already had Caiphas, descending from the dais and coming face to face with our Lord, administered the solemn oath adjuring Him to tell them if He were the

Messias, the Son of God, and they had heard Him declare that He was, and that hereafter they would see Him "seated at the right hand of the Majesty of God, and coming on the clouds of heaven." Already they had rent their garments in sign of horror, and adjudged Him deserving of death. What then would they now! What cunning guides their hatred! Why this haste! Despite the interval between the hearing of the witnesses and this condemnation, despite the break of day, their proceeding is illegal, because it is still the same day as that of the hearing, because the smoke of the morning sacrifice has not been seen ascending from the Temple, because the assembly itself is not a full one, and the witnesses in defence have not been heard, nor opportunity afforded for any to speak in favor of the accused. Nevertheless there is some pretense



FROM THE SANHEDRIN TO PILATE

*"And when morning was come, all the chief priests and the ancients of the people took counsel against Jesus, that they might put Him to death. And they brought Him bound, and delivered Him to Pontius Pilate the governor."*  
(ST. MATTHEW: 28/1-2)

of complying with the law, and they must hasten to get the Procurator to take up the case, for his stay in the city is sure to be of the briefest. Perhaps if they act energetically and prudently they may force him to pronounce the death sentence at once, and all be accomplished before sun-down, the commencement of the great Sabbath, i. e., the Sabbath within the octave of the Pasch. Therefore our Lord now stands before them again. In the interval of over an hour—He has been at the mercy of their rough and cruel servants and at-

## THE † SIGN

tendants. These have beaten Him with open hand and fist, and spat upon Him, and mocked Him, and twisting His white linen head-dress round so as to cover His eyes, have bidden Him look through its folds, and tell them who it is that strikes again. So that now the mute appeal of exhaustion and helplessness, of pain and anguish, is stronger, yet as fruitless, as before to the Sanhedrin assembly. He is again interrogated: "If thou be the Christ, tell us." Then He speaks "Whatever He might say they would not believe Him, whatever remonstrance He might make, they would not answer Him; however innocent He might prove Himself to be they would not let Him go; but hereafter they would see Him "sitting on the right hand of the power of God." On this all exclaim: "Art thou then the Son of God?" He answers that what they say is true—He is the Son of God. No further need then of witnesses. "We have heard it from His own mouth."

In the Mosaic law the penalty for blasphemy was death by stoning. The hatred and cunning of the leaders of the Sanhedrin had carried them swiftly to sentence and condemnation, but the

authority to execute it was no longer theirs. Rome had reserved to herself the *Jus Gladii*, the power of life and death.

OUR Lord stood before them, weak, suffering, deserted, friendless, still "the Glory of Israel," the "Anointed," their Prophet, King and Priest, but now made an outcast, and passing from them to the Gentiles—"He in Whose light these should walk, and in Whose brightness their kings rejoice;" passing by the bitter way from condemnation to death!

Some of their members are selected and appointed by the Sanhedrin to proceed at once to the citadel, an armed guard conveying the prisoner, and to demand in the name of their nation the vindication of their ancient sacred law which Rome was pledged to respect; they demand it of a stranger, a worshipper of false gods, but the representative of the great empire that, arising in the "islands from afar," had gathered to herself the Asiatic conquests of the Greek, and now held Palestine in her firm grasp. Her eagles in very deed looked down from the high plateau of Acra upon the courts of the House of the God of Israel.

## The King

By J. CORSON MILLER

They called Him "King!" and then they pressed the crown  
Of jagged thorns upon His blameless Head;  
There had been kings before, but none had bled  
From crowns they wore; in silence He looked down.

They laughed at Him, and in His hands they placed  
A reed for sceptre, hailing Him as "King—"  
A King of what? A King of everything  
That thinking men call *good*, and *sweet*, and *chaste*.

And as they danced, they sang a ribald song,  
And some pulled hatefully his matted hair;  
Until there was no semblance left for long,  
Of strength or manliness a *man* should wear.

They tied a blind-fold over His eyes; ah me!  
And struck Him from behind, and bade Him tell  
The name of the offender, knowing well  
That He was bound with cords; they could not see,

Though they were not blindfolded, how He cried,  
With hidden eyes, to shield them from their shame,  
Who could have slain each blackguard—name by name—  
And leveled all the city in its pride.

But now the blood-drops fell, like trickling rain—  
He was a King in truth—*The King of Pain*.

## The Discovery: *Xavier's Work Found in the Flowery Kingdom*

**O**N THE 15th of August, 1549, St. Francis Xavier, that greatest apostle of modern times, crossed the threshold of the Flowery Kingdom of Japan. By the power of his miracles, the sanctity of his life and the boldness of his preaching he renewed again the wonders of the apostolic age. On the twentieth of November, 1551, he left for China, but died in the embrace of the Chinese coast just within sight of the promised land.

During his apostolate in Japan, St. Francis received about 3,000 Japanese into the Church. The feudal regime then in vogue made it possible to convert whole communities. The conversion of a prince was invariably accompanied by the conversion of his subjects. Aided by these favorable conditions progress was most consoling. A few years after Xavier's death there were 200,000 Christians with 250 Churches in Japan.

A sorrowful day, however, was in store for the youthful Church of this pagan country. Ill advised by the enemies of Christianity, the civil rulers inaugurated a series of bitter persecutions. Hatred, torture and brutality were the price of Christianity. This era of persecution lasted two hundred and fifty years and excelled in ruthless savagery the punishments inflicted by the masters of imperial Rome during the first three centuries of the Christian era. In February, 1597, twenty-six martyrs received their crowns in the city of Nagasaki. Gathered from various cities, they were forced to undertake long marches; they were driven in carts through the streets; their bodies were mutilated and finally on the 8th of February, after more than a month of fearful tortures and indescribable suffering, they were crucified.

The following year, an attitude of tolerant peace prevailed but it was interrupted by the Edict of Destruction which appeared in 1614. It was decreed that Catholicism must be abolished. The result was horrible. From the day that death warrant of Christianity was promulgated until 1859 persecution raged with unparalleled fury. Priests were not permitted to enter the country. Those who were already in the land were martyred. Large crosses were placed at all ports and everyone entering the harbors was obliged to trample upon them. Every Japanese subject was bound to fulfill this obligation. With the priesthood exterminated and churches

BY RICHARD J. CUSHING ruined, the spiritual children of Xavier were put to a frightful test.

In 1622, took place what is known as "The Great Martyrdom" and again the place was Nagasaki. The soil of this city has been steeped in the blood of martyrs and so today it is one of the most flourishing dioceses in all Japan. The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. The details of the martyrdom are too gruesome to reproduce in detail. Thirty selected Christians together with thirty-two religious were chosen for slaughter. More than half of them were beheaded and the others were slowly burned to death. The victims of this latter torture were securely tied to posts, the heads of those beheaded were placed at their feet, the fires were lighted some yards away, then, they were moved slowly towards the confessors of the faith. The heat became severe at first, then their clothes caught fire. The fires were kept sufficiently near to roast them and sufficiently far to prolong the agony to the utmost. Such sickening scenes continued year after year.

In 1637, in the province of Arima, 37,000 Christians, driven to desperation, revolted, shut themselves up within the fortress of Shimabara, and were slain to the last one. In 1640 four Portuguese ambassadors who had gone from Macao to Nagasaki were called upon to apostatize; refusing, they were put to death without further trial. Thirteen of their followers were sent back to Macao with this warning: "While the sun warms the earth let no Christian be as bold as to venture into Japan. Whosoever shall disobey this prohibition will pay for it with his head."

**T**HUS Japan was closed and remained so for two centuries. A price was set on the heads of foreign and native Christians. Occasionally some intrepid apostolic men would venture into this mysterious empire. In 1642 five Jesuits secretly embarked for Japan but they were discovered and executed. In the following year five others followed their footsteps and met the same fate.

At last, in the year 1858, the tide of persecution subsided as a result of an agreement between Japan and France. One article in this treaty permitted French subjects the free exercise of their religion. Three port towns, one of them Nagasaki, were opened to the French and the missionaries. Father Petit-Jean was among the first to take advantage of the treaty and coming to Japan he built a chapel



## THE † SIGN

in Nagasaki. It was a day of great rejoicings and of great solemnities. All the European ships that were anchored about the port sent their detachments to participate in Japan's second spring. Only a handful of Japanese, attracted by mere worldly curiosity, were present.

**B**UT WHAT of the descendants of the Christians whom Xavier baptized? For years the heroic martyred apostles had sought them but they were not to be found. Was there no trace of them? Had every sign of Christianity disappeared before the roaring waves of persecution? The answer can best be given in the words of Father Petit-Jean. It constitutes one of the most beautiful pages in the missionary annals of the Catholic Church.

"On the seventh of March, 1865, a group of twelve or fifteen persons, men, women and children, appeared at the door of the church. Their demeanor denoted something more than curiosity. The door was closed and I hastened to open it and, as I advanced towards the sanctuary, I was followed by the visitors. Kneeling in the presence of the good Savior, I adored Him, and I besought Him to place upon my lips words calculated to touch their hearts and to win for Him adorers among those who stood around me. Scarcely had I prayed when a woman of forty or fifty years or age came quite near me and, with her hand on her breast, said, 'The hearts of all of us here are the same as yours.' 'Really?' said I, 'and where then do you come from?' 'We all come from Urakami' she said, 'and at Urakami almost everyone thinks as we do.'

"Then she turned to me and said 'Where is the image of the Holy Mary?' At this blessed name of Mary all my doubts vanished. I was surely in the presence of the children of the old Christians of Japan, and I thanked God for this consolation. I lead them to the altar of our Lady. Following my example, they all knelt and tried to pray; but joy carried them away and they began to say, 'Yes, it is really the Holy Mary; see on her arms her august Son, Jesus.'

"While these good visitors were admiring the statue of the Blessed Virgin and asking me questions, other Japanese entered the church and immediately those who surrounded me scattered in all directions, but they came back almost at once saying: 'We have nothing to fear from them, they are our neighbors and they think as we do!'"

No more was said that day. Sightseers were going and coming, and the priest arranged that they would come another day. Returning to their valley of Urakami they told their neighbors that priests had again come to Japan. After two hundred and fifty years of relentless persecution those children

of Xavier still preserved the Faith of Christ without church or priest or sacraments.

The news went round. From the valley of Urakami it travelled to the neighboring places, and in a few days, bands of Christians, who had concealed themselves in their valley homes, marched into Nagasaki and up the hilly street that led to the church. They gathered about the edifice; they affirmed that they would await instructions and receive the sacraments. Father Petit-Jean took the opportunity to learn many things about them and about their lives. They baptized their children and they did it correctly; they said the prayers that Xavier had taught their remote ancestors and, for salvation, they relied on an act of contrition.

But still there lurked a few doubts in their simple but acute minds. And one day one of them cautiously asked the priest did he and the other Fathers obey the Pope of Rome, the head of the Church of Christ. When they learned that such was the case their doubts vanished for a time. But another doubt arose. It was unbelievable that priests should be among them again. They could not accept it. And one day one of them asked, "Have you no children?" "You and your brethren," the Father answered, "the Christians and pagans of Japan, are the children whom the good God has given to us. We priests must preserve celibacy." At this reply the visitors bowed their heads to the ground and exclaimed: "They are virgins! They are virgins! Thanks be to God!"

**D**EVOTION to Mary the Mother of God; union with the Vicar of Christ on earth and celibacy were the three proofs handed down from generation to generation to these isolated Catholics by which they would recognize the successors of the first apostle to Japan, S. Francis Xavier.

Thus the Church was discovered in the Flowery Kingdom. For three hundred years the Christians had preserved the Faith of the Master, and for three hundred years He had kept His word, "Behold I am with you." "Where two or three of you are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of you."

## Dawn

BY CATHAL CANTY

The slender day from cloud tuft cushions  
Rises and by taper light  
Wraps soft flowing silks around her,  
Mauvé and rose and creamy white.

# The Infallibles: *The Blatant Dogmatists Know It All*

IT IS AMUSING, not to say amazing, how much some human beings know. Two recent writers, on opposite sides of the Evolutionary fence, have accused men of using their brains too little. In spite of this charge it might occur to a casual observer that there are a few who overwork their sources of cerebration. Father Gillis calls them, "The Infallibles." The results of their thinking processes are not seldom lamentable.

Just about seventeen years ago an American educator of note gave utterance to some startling views on the religion of the future. Having been for many years a capable professor of chemistry, he was, doubtless, a well-chosen prophet of a new and subtle revelation. Religion, this great and wise man declared, is not a fixed, but a fluent thing. The religion of the future would certainly have nothing in it of the supernatural, and, above all, it would not be based on authority, either spiritual or temporal. Does not this remind you somewhat of the worthy Monsieur Jourdain, who wished to write to the object of his affections without employing either prose or poetry?

Gifted far beyond his fellows, a distinguished inventor likewise rose to testify to the crying deficiency of "organized religion." His evidence, too, has been read into the record of modern folly. Poor religion, tried in the court of incompetent opinion, found guilty, and sentenced to annihilation!

Came a day, as reads the caption on the silver screen, when appeared one of the greatest of living novelists. He is just that, one of the greatest of living novelists. Would that he had kept his wagon hitched to the stars of fancy that sparkle across the pages of his brilliant fiction! Temptation proved too much. The novelist turned historian, and very ambitiously took all history, prehistory, and prehistory for his field. Other pens than mine have done the "Historian" ample justice. The opinion of the world may be gauged in some measure by the tremendous royalties which poured into his coffers. Lest it be thought that this gentleman's superhuman knowledge is restricted to past events, it may be said in passing that he has qualified also with regard to the future. As seer and prophet he informs an anxious world that in the new order of life, into which our kind is passing, Roman Christendom will become a local tradition and a province, just as the Empires of Babylon and Egypt became nothing more than memories and provinces in the

BY JOHN B. MULLIN

world-wide Empire of Rome.

Not too long since, a number of the "gilded literati," known to contemporary fame as novelists of rank, joined in a combined effort to expose their ideas on religion. Here and there they betray a most commendable modesty. "Half-grown brains," one naively admits, "obviously cannot grasp the whole truth about the universe." Could any assertion be less provoking? "Nevertheless," the lady further assures us, "I feel that Christianity must be regarded, not as a final revelation, but as a phase of revelation." Poor, poor Christianity, so "desperately on the defensive," and yet so surprisingly vigorous withal!

If some of these writers were content with describing merely their private beliefs, or lack of belief, they might be forgiven for what is no worse than a waste of perfectly good ink and print-paper. When they arrogantly proceed to demolish Christianity by bold assumptions contrary to fact, often bordering on the blasphemous, their words become extremely offensive to pious intelligent ears.

It must not be thought, however, that the vagaries of "The Infallibles" are restricted to the Knights and ladies of the Corona. The affliction is much more widespread. Let an individual become a captain of industry, a fortunate financier, a celebrated scientist, a popular jurist, an artist of distinction, then, presto, behold before you an all-wise theologian and moralist!

Recently, a well-known judge, and apologist for the "Younger Generation," which may or may not need apology, wrote at some length on the backward morality of our benighted Twentieth Century. The gist of his remarks seems to be that the Commandments of God are no longer to be trusted, since they are outworn relics of an unenlightened age. At any rate, we should readjust our moral standards to meet the demands of modern civilization. Verily, a Daniel come to judgment!

The nation's press is still discussing the theories of a justly famous nurseryman, playing the role of religious critic. The tone of some comments would indicate that that this man died a martyr to the faith that was not in him. There are not wanting those who say that no one took him seriously.

This list does not pretend to exhaust the roll of "The Infallibles" (may their tribe decrease!) It aims to present only a few noteworthy examples. One can only watch and pray to be delivered from the creeds of these present-day dogmatists.

# Bethlehem and Calvary

## *The Appeal of Jesus Crucified*

**T**HE CHRISTMAS season to some hardly seems the appropriate time for meditation on the Passion of Christ. To these the Joyful Mysteries are something apart and should not be joined with the Sorrowful Mysteries of our Lord's life. Especially does it seem incongruous to some to associate the Birth of our Savior, the most joyful of the Joyful Mysteries, with His tragic Death which is the most sorrowful of the Sorrowful Mysteries. But these persons fail to realize the reason for Christ's presence in the manger—He was born in Bethlehem that He might die upon Calvary. The Crib is really the first station on the highway of the Cross.

Looking upon the Divine Infant in the manger we cannot help but think of the reasons for His Incarnation. Surely, if two events in the Redeemer's life are in any way closely related, these two events are His Birth and Crucifixion. The Babe of the Crib is the Savior of the Cross.

The Mystery of the Incarnation marks the entrance into the world of One Who existed from all eternity but now appears in human form. God became Man. His was a true conception, formation and birth. There was the joining of a real human body and human soul with the Second Person of the ever Blessed Trinity. He is Divine yet in all things (sin excepted) He is truly human. He was like us in form, feature, body and soul. From all eternity He is God. From the moment of His conception He is God-Man. "In Him," says St. Paul, "dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead corporeally" (Col. 2/9.) And St. John means the same thing when He says "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." (St. JOHN: 1/4.)

Now the Divine Person of the Word became Man to redeem men. He assumed human nature to expiate the sins of human nature. But He is always God. He never for a moment laid aside His Godhead though He 'took the form of a servant.' It follows therefore, that Jesus Christ, the God-Man, from the first moment of His conception, was in the full possession of all His Divine attributes. He was from the first instant of His earthly existence fully conscious of the reasons for His Incarnation.

Unlike a mere human infant He did not begin to know. He always knew. He did not come to the age of reason because He is the Wisdom of

God from the beginning. He was fully aware of the straw in the crib, as He was thirty years later of the hard wood of the cross. His was not an unreasoning infancy that knows not a mother's love. He was as keenly conscious of His mother's presence in the stable as He was, when, from the Cross, He gave her into the hands of His beloved disciple. Her adoring love at the crib was as fully appreciated as her broken-hearted sorrow was realized when she stood at the foot of the Cross. The harmony of the angel's song in Bethlehem gladdened His baby heart as the jibes of the Jews and the blasphemies of the crowd afflicted that heart on Calvary. He welcomed the adoration of the Magi as many years later he looked lovingly from His Cross at the penitent Magdalen.

Fully alive and conscious from the first moment of His life, He had always in mind the purpose of the stupendous mystery of the incarnation: man's salvation by the Cross of Calvary. It was with reason that the Angels at His birth sang that wonderful antiphon of praise, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of goodwill." (St. LUKE: 2/14.) Christ's birth in Bethlehem was the beginning of a sacrificial life, culminating in His death on the Cross, bringing glory to His Father and peace to the hearts of men.

**B**EFORE His birth, the coming of the Savior was predicted by the prophets. Obediently He came into the world at the time and in the place designated by the Father. Holy David told of His obedience long before His birth was announced to the shepherds. "In the head of the book it is written of Me, that I should do Thy will, Oh, God." (Ps. 39/8.) And the will of God was a life and death of expiation. This was always before Him and His whole life was a constant striding towards this end of His ministry. "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptised: and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." (St. LUKE: 12/50.) After living a life of perfect obedience, we seem to hear a few hours before His death an echo in the Garden of Olives of His first covenant, "My Father, if this chalice may not pass away, but I drink it, Thy will be done." (St. MATTHEW: 26/42.) St. Paul could say of Him after His return to the bosom of His Father, that He was "obedient unto death even to the death of the Cross." (PHIL: 2/8.)

## THE † SIGN

**E**XTERNAL circumstances only confirm the close association of the conscious Babe in the manger with the suffering Man-God upon the Cross. Some very obvious parallels cannot be ignored.

Before His birth He knew His name; that He should be called Jesus, that is, Savior—and the reason, “for He shall save His people from their sins” (St. MATTHEW: 1/21.) Long years after He justified the title of Jesus, the Savior, for on the Cross of Calvary, “He was wounded for our iniquities and was bruised for our sins.”

As the prophet had foretold that He should be poor in spirit and in reality, so the Evangelist relates that “She [Mary] brought forth her first-born Son and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger.” (St. LUKE: 2/7.) After His death on the Cross, His blessed Mother at His tomb must have thought of those first swaddling bands as “Joseph, taking the body, wrapped it up in a clean linen cloth and laid it in his own monument.” (St. MATTHEW: 28/59-60.) It was not by accident that His first resting place on earth was a borrowed cradle and His last, another’s tomb.

His Divinity was announced by the prophets long before His Incarnation. At His birth an angel from on high declared it to the shepherds. Years pass and in the Garden of Gethsemane “there appeared an angel from heaven strengthening Him.” (St. LUKE: 22/43.) The star, that the Magi said to be His, attested His Godhood. On Calvary, the quaking earth and the rent rocks proclaim the death of Nature’s God. The pagan kings were the first to proclaim His Divinity. “Where is He that is born, King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and have come to *adore* Him.” (St. MATTHEW: 2/1.) At Calvary’s Cross, the pagan Centurion declared his new found faith in the Redeemer with the words, “Indeed, this was the Son of God.” (St. MATTHEW: 28/54.) At His nativity, the Wise Men call Him, King. Were we present on Calvary at His crucifixion, we could have read the words of His death card, inscribed by the hand of Pilate, “Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.” (St. JOHN: 19/19.)

Even His enemies at the time of His birth bear a curious resemblance to His foes at the time of His Passion. He no sooner entered this world when men strove to kill Him. We have a Herod, the Chief Priests and the Scribes in both instances. “And assembling together all the Chief Priests and the Scribes of the people, He [Herod] inquired of them, where the Christ should be born,” (St. MATTHEW: 2/4.) with no other intention than to kill Him. And the counter-part of this meeting in Jerusalem is one held thirty years later in that same city. “Then

were gathered together, the Chief Priest and the ancients of the people and they consulted together, that by what subtilty they might apprehend Jesus and put Him to death.” (St. MATTHEW: 26/4.)

Was not the sad reception accorded Him at His birth an echo of His abandonment by all during the long hours of His Passion? “He came unto His own,” says St. John, “And His own received Him not.” The desire of the everlasting hills had no one to welcome to earth and at His leaving by the ordeal of the Passion, He was forsaken by all, alone. At the appearance of His enemies at the time of His great trial, the gospel tells us that “the disciples all leaving, fled.” True, He had a few loyal friends around Him during His last hours, showing more fully the parallel. At Bethlehem’s cave, His mother and St. Joseph and the poor shepherds surrounded Him and at Calvary’s Cross, there is His mother (as always) and a few broken-hearted women with St. John in the place of His foster Father.

Thus we could continue to show from the words of the prophets and from His own words and confirm it by external circumstances that our Divine Lord is foremost and always the Suffering Savior. It is not suprising, therefore, that throughout His whole life, we can detect a unity of purpose and therefore a unity of conduct. For, from eternity He had offered Himself to be man’s Messiah; to suffer and to die that man might not die for ever.

The plan of Redemption was clearly outlined by God the Father from eternity, communicated to us by the prophets, and consciously fulfilled by God the Son in time. In the minds of the prophets He is always “the Christ,” “the Emmanuel,” the “Holy One of Isreal,” who will save His people from their sins. Holding the Divine Infant in his arms, the holy prophet Simeon predicted His Passion and thanked God that he had been spared to see the day of his salvation.

**A**ND THUS meditation on the sufferings and the sorrows of the Divine Redeemer is not out of place at the Christmas season but extremely fitting. For, if we sympathise with the Babe of Bethlehem, it is because His sufferings have already begun. If we are glad and rejoice with Him on the day of His birth, it is, in the angel’s words, that “this day is born. . . . a Savior who is Christ the Lord.” (St. LUKE: 2/11.)

\* \* \* \*

Bethlehem and Calvary! In the crib it is seen that “God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son.” On the Cross we may read, “Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down His life for his friends.”



# OUR JUNIOR READERS



## Noel

*"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"*

BY B. BARRY

CHRISTMAS EVE, and the air, sombre and still, the gray sky, seemed to herald coming snow. In the poor cottage on the edge of the village a widow and her son dwelt alone. Few and small were the gifts she could provide for the little one, but, bending nearer the softly smouldering fire on her hearthstone, she related once more to him the beautiful, often-told story of the Christ Child, of His birth in a stable, and His cradle a manger, where, warmed by the sweet breath of the animals, He lay lovingly tended by his mother Mary and the foster-father Joseph. The child loved to listen to this tale, so gently related by his mother—sometimes he thought she must look even as did the mother of the Holy Child—but above all he loved the story of the angels singing the heavenly songs which floating from the skies bore over the earth the message of Peace and Goodwill to Men.

"Mother," he said, "I wish that I too might hear the music of the angels on Christmas Eve. If I am good and do my task, and don't beg to sit over the fire when you call me to bed, may I not stay awake till midnight this Christmas Eve so that I may hear for myself the songs of the angels, listen to their lovely voices, see their shining wings, and hear them sing 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men?'" And the gentle mother, full of tenderness for her baby, replied, "Yes, little one, you too shall hear the heavenly music."

Already it was late and mother and child were about to sit to their frugal repast when a knock sounded at their door. The mother opened. On her threshold stood an old man, poor as herself, it seemed, with a gentle and dignified air.

"May I beg you, madam," he said, "to give me shelter, let me rest here till the dawn? Night

falls, I am far from my destination and I fear to lose the way if I continue my journey now. And if of your goodness you can spare a crust for an old man, I have still some pence with which I can repay your generosity."

"Enter, sir, and be welcome," said the widow. "We are poor, my child and I, but the good God would not be pleased with us if on His holy Birth-Night we refused to share our meal with any one. Welcome!" Wider she opened the door, then drew a chair to the table where the child was already seated, watching the visitor with grave eyes. While they supped their guest told them that he was on his way to the next village where he would celebrate the festival on the morrow with some friends. "But I am old, you see," he smiled wistfully, "no longer can I walk as I did twenty years ago, and I am glad to pass the night here with the friends the good God has sent me to, and to continue my journey in the morning, if He wills."

When the child had finished his supper, the mother bade him say goodnight to their guest, explaining that the little one must go to bed. The boy, gentle and timid, obeyed shyly and went upstairs with his mother.

But when he was in bed he did not wish to sleep and said, "Mother, you forget that if I sleep I shall not hear the songs of the angels."

"Yes, yes, my child," said the mother, "you will hear them in your sleep," and the child was quiet. But he did not sleep and each time that his mother wished to extinguish the candle and leave him, he murmured and became uneasy. For long he lay awake and when his mother urged him to close his eyes, he grew agitated and excited, the vision of the angels haunted him, and, dreading to miss the wondrous music, he wept. Seeing that the child would be ill if his agitation continued, the mother descended to her kitchen to make him a calming drink.

The guest, who was installed beside the fire with an air of wellbeing and content, asked if the baby

## THE † SIGN

were ill and learned the reason of his tears. "Tis sad," said he, "to see the children weep—the baby has a sweet and childish grace...later he will suffer enough...as one must, one *must!*—" and the old man was silent, perhaps dreaming of his own childhood.

The mother having given the drink, sat beside his bed telling her beads while the child rested tranquilly. As she prayed she looked at her baby with luminous, loving eyes, when, suddenly, *softly*, coming from far away, she heard the strains of a music plaintive and clear, gentle, mystic. It was the hymn of Noel, *Adeste Fideles*. Thin, sweet, and infinitely clear it stole through the darkness of the night. The child heard it and started from his pillow. "Mother...the music...hear it...how beautiful! It is the angels singing!" Listen, Mother, listen!" and the child sat upright, the tiny hands clasped, his eyes shining with joy, brilliant with happiness. "Oh, Mother," he cried, "it is the angels, if I could but *see* them!"

The mother mystified, never questioning the miracle, content that her child was happy, wished but to listen to the heavenly harmony. "No, no, dear child, you cannot see them, they are far away, beyond the stars...be tranquil, listen, *listen* unto the end,"—and the two, breathless and enchanted, listened open-eyed till at last the song of Noel died away upon the wintry air. When the child slept the mother glided to the window and looked out on the starry heavens, which seemed still to reflect the radiance of the angels' wings. Then she knelt and thanked with all her simple faith the dear God Who had allowed her child to hear His angels sing. And all the house was wrapped in slumber.

On Christmas Morn the widow rose early to prepare the breakfast for her departing guest and as they ate, and the child with shining eyes gazed at the simple toys and gifts which the little Jesus had left in his shoes on the hearth-stone, the mother recounted to the guest the marvellous story of the midnight music.

The repast finished, the three left the cottage together—the old man to resume his journey, mother and child to take their way to the church where they would find the Infant Child in His crib. Hosts and guest bade each other farewell, the child turning again to wave his hand to the gentle stranger who spoke so softly and smiled so sweetly. As he walked slowly on his solitary way, the old man drew from his pocket a flute. Pressing its smooth surface against his withered cheek he murmured with a melancholy smile, "Ah, my flute, when we were young, we two, did we not dream indeed of making music for the angels!"

## The Fruits of a Pine

*An Adventure in Christmas Shopping*

BY RICHARD A. ROBERTS

CHRISTMAS was less than a week away. Repeated snow flurries were pretty sure signs of a regular snow-bound Christmas. Jimmie Mulhern was glad. Without an abundance of snow, Christmas seemed to him to be much like plain December 25th. As he turned each page of Dickens, he glanced eagerly cloudwards. "Was that snow? Or was he seeing things?" He turned Dickens face downward on the chair and went to the front door to make sure.

"It's snow, alright, mother!" and Jimmie ran into the kitchen where his mother was preparing dinner. "We'll have a real Christmas if this keeps up!" he said excitedly. "Look at it come down now!"

"Yes, dear," said his mother, smiling. "I'm glad you have your wish. But it's going to be a cold week of it, Jimmie."

"Oh, we should worry, so long as we have snow. Mother, when will you buy the tree?"

Mrs. Mulhern sat down. "Jimmie dear, would you mind awfully if you didn't have a tree this year?" His mother was reluctant to suggest it, because she was so loathe to disappoint him. Jimmie sensed that at a glance.

"Why, mother?" he asked, haltingly.

"Well, darling, this season trees are very expensive. I priced them yesterday. And"—she managed to say it evenly—"you know papa isn't working."

"Yes, mother, I know. I won't mind, so don't you, either."

"You're as good as gold, Jimmie," said his mother, wistfully. Jimmie smiled and went back to his book. He wanted to get away. He feared he might give in to his feelings. He was eleven now; he figured that he was too old to cry over a Christmas tree, but he could not help swallowing a lump that arose in his throat. For days he had been dreaming of the coming Christmas with all its joys, trying to guess this detail and that. But he hadn't counted on this. Dickens had become quite a chum of his. How much like himself he had found him! Dickens had the right idea of a merry Christmas. "Well," and he heaved a deep sigh, "I mustn't let on to mother that I mind so much." And the tears came to his eyes, as he thought, "I guess papa don't matter so much."

Mr. Mulhern was a good-hearted man, but en-

## THE † SIGN

grossed in his 'firewater traffic.' When business hummed, he was honestly open-handed, but his income was irregular. And sad to say, Mr. Mulhern was his own best customer. To the Christmas holidays he looked forward as a red-letter week. Since Advent began, Jimmie had been praying every night that his father would be good to mother and him, and not too good to himself.

Jimmie lived last Christmas over again. "Why couldn't this Christmas be as happy?" And then—"I know what I'll do! I'll surprise 'em all!" He was thinking fast; he sketched his plan over and over again. "A good excuse," he thought, as he watched the swirling clouds of snow. During dinner he was in high spirits. His mother felt relieved.

"What are you going to do after dinner, son?"

"Out in the snow," said Jimmie, between swallowings of cake.

"Well, wrap up warm, and don't catch cold. And don't be gone too long."

VERY SOON he was ready. "All set, mother. I won't be too long. Good-bye for a while." He kissed her, and went out. His mother would have been nonplussed had she seen him a minute later, come up from the cellar and start off up street, with an axe under his arm. Several who met him smiled. A druggist, on his way back to the store, hailed him from the opposite sidewalk.

"Ho Jimmie! You won't need the axe yet a while! Where's your shovel? Jimmie smiled mysteriously, then kept trudging along. The sidewalks became rough, the houses fewer. Finally the sidewalk and roadway merged, and Jimmie was beyond the outskirts of the town. The snow deepened surprisingly fast; the wind blew sharply. He shifted the axe to the other arm, stirred up his determination and kept hiking, with set lips and eyes blinking.

It was not long before the wood prevailed and stretched for miles on either side of the snow driven road. Jimmie stopped and peered among the pines on his left. He picked his way carefully and was soon a good hundred feet from the road. He leaned his axe against a pine and stood, inspecting tree after tree. One, of fair height, thickly branched and not too heavy at the base, decided him. He cleared away the snow from one side of the trunk and then began to chop. The woods echoed the 'thud, thud' of his blows. As often as not, the unwieldy tool turned in his gloved hands and struck flat. Though panting, he kept at it; pleasant excitement lent him strength. Another half dozen swings and he paused, in eager anticipation of the final cut that would fell his prize.

He leaned against the tree to rest and get his breath. Now he felt comfortably warm from his exertions. But lo! his weight finished the work. The tree snapped. It tilted slowly, then fell swiftly. Jimmie had stepped aside, but not far enough. The lower branch swept his chest as the tree crashed to the ground. It was not heavy, but the suddenness of the impact caused Jimmie to lose his footing. He fell backward and stepped into a hollow whose edge was concealed by the snow. It was a deep rift, and to his dismay and fright, he rolled over and over and down. When he felt solid ground beneath him, he was vaguely conscious that his foot was caught in something. For a moment he gazed about, open-mouthed. There he was, stretched on his side, up to his waist in snow-drift, his foot pinned under—? He scooped the snow aside and found it—a large and jagged boulder. How his foot got caught in there was a mystery to him, for he could not get it out, twist how he would. He shifted from one position to another, but in vain. He was thoroughly frightened now. It had stopped snowing, but he was wet through and the cold was unbearable. His hands were aching, his imprisoned foot was numb. And, worst of all, it was not as lightsome as it had been. He pulled off one wet glove and with swollen fingers began to unlace his shoe. He then worked his foot free, but the shoe was still under the rock. And oh! it was cold in stocking feet, especially a wet stocking. Unexpectedly the shoe came out. Jimmie's sentiment of relief was still secondary to the alarm that clutched at his heart. He must have been down in the hollow for twenty minutes or more, and it was growing colder and darker every minute! Mechanically he pulled his shoe on. He tried to stand up, but was too weak and stiff. He would wait another minute and rest...

JIMMIE opened his eyes slowly. He felt tired but cozy. A white ceiling was *above him* and a white coverlet stretched from under *his chin* to the foot of his bed. He turned his head. A man in a white coat was standing beside him.

"Where am I? You're a doctor, aren't you?"

"Yes, little man, I am a doctor. And you don't know how fortunate you are to be here in a hospital instead of out in Tuttle Woods in a snowbank. Do you remember anything about that?"

"Yes, doctor, and—where's mother? Does mother know I'm safe?"

"Yes, your mother was just here."

"And does my father know about it, too?"

"Yes, sonny, he was here, too. Now, if you can sleep again, try to. We want to make you well for Christmas." As the doctor turned to go, Jimmie

## THE † SIGN

said to him, "Doctor, did they bring the tree, too?"

"Yes, my little snowman, the tree is in your yard, waiting for you. And I notified Santa Claus that the tree came, after all. So, sleep away now and get rested." The doctor was anxious to get away, lest his patient ask him too many questions. True it was that the boy's father had been there. But, when the doctor noticed Mr. Mulhern's unsteady walk, and halting speech, and the tell-tale aroma, he was thoroughly angry. "For shame, sir!" he said, "you're not fit to see your little boy! Send his mother up here."

INSTEAD of riling the man, the doctor's words nearly broke his heart. "Not fit to see his little boy!" He started for home, considerably sobered. On the way he met one of the curates of the parish, who inquired after 'Sunny Jim.' His father told the priest how he had been turned away, and what the doctor had said to him. The priest saw that Mr. Mulhern was much affected by his boy's condition and his own disgrace.

"Well, Mr. Mulhern," he said, "it's true, isn't it? Why not quit the stuff for the sake of your little boy and his mother? And you want to be fit to meet the Divine Child in a few days, too. Don't you?" The priest pressed his hand encouragingly, and Mr. Mulhern continued on his way home. His wife met him at the door and he told her of his rebuff at the hospital. Mrs. Mulhern was too surprised at his tone of remorse to say anything. In a moment she was on her way.

Alone, Mr. Mulhern sat at the kitchen table. "Not fit to see my little boy! Not fit to visit the Crib, either! And Communion!" He shook his head bitterly. With a thud his fist struck the table. "My God!" he said tensely, "I swear I'll quit and quit for keeps! I will be fit for Christmas!"

Christmas morning, the snow fell afresh, the church bells pealed, the feast was on. The door of Jimmie's room opened; the doctor entered and after him, Mr. Mulhern. Like a flash, Jimmie was out of bed and flung his arms around his father's neck.

"And now, sonny, get dressed and hurry up home. Your mother is at the window watching for you," said the doctor.

"Yes, Jimmie, mother must be home by this time. We went to Communion together,—for you, Jimmie. I came down here alone on account of the snow."

Jimmie tried to whistle in amazement, but his lips quivered. His papa had never been so different before!

## Working Through College

By W. E. E. HAWKEN

IT is possible for a man to work his way through college, although he possesses no money, provided he has nerve, ambition and energy. The average college group of today is not wealthy, but poor and cosmopolitan.

A man should not work his way through college unless he must, but if he must he can support himself, however. A youth eighteen years old will require to carry about fifteen hours of scholastic work, and may have to curtail his sleeping hours and live up to a carefully organized program of life to ensure success.

A very capable youth can obtain good employment in athletics, positions like managerships of clubs, or similar positions in oratory, debate and dramatics. Subjects like these develop personality and self-reliance.

Working one's way through college gives a practical business training, which emphasizes the need of punctuality, regularity, honesty and courtesy. It also develops a knowledge of spending money wisely, and an inclination to thrift, besides cultivating foresight in selecting positions and fostering efficient and regular personal habits.

The student about to work his way through college will naturally wonder what is the best way to do it in order to succeed. Firstly, he must take whatever he can get. He should choose however, what he can do, and do best, in accepting a post. He must remember that frequently the best jobs have been filled by upper classmen of the previous year. He should primarily work for his board, choosing work of a kind which will allow him ample time to follow his scholastic course, remembering that agriculture and engraving require more time in class than courses in the liberal arts, commerce, science, etc.

There are an almost infinite number of jobs for freshmen who have the necessary pluck and stamina to undertake them. Men working their way through college have in the past attempted one or other of the occupations listed below any of which could easily be tried again and made to result in success. Waiter in restaurant, boarding house, or club; kitchenman, cook's assistant or dishwasher. In these latter jobs one hour's work is required for each meal, and three hours a day for complete board. Working for food is estimated at the rate of 65c to 80c per hour. A college man can also act as a manager or commissary of a boarding club, his duties being to solicit members and collect dues or fees.



## THE † SIGN

It should be noted that a freshman can always work for his food or his room or both. Many have filled the following rôles:

Furnace man to fire and attend one or more furnaces; floor waxer; window washer and general cleaner (35c to 50c per hour); houseman to make beds and empty waste paper baskets; mower and reaper; deliverer of papers; collector for laundries; student janitor; student clerk; sandwich salesman; pie salesman; apple salesman; candy salesman; butter agent; groceries agent; coffee agent; meats agent; fruit agent; furniture polish agent; floor wax agent; salesman of aluminum ware; salesman of brushes and soap; clothes salesman; neckties salesman; belts salesman; handkerchief and scarf salesman; Christmas tree salesman; Christmas card salesman; also as salesmen of dance programs; novelties; fraternity jewelry; crested stationery; sporting goods; golf clubs; golf balls; insurance policies; clothes pressing tickets; and space on football buses.

College men working their way through have also acted as typists; bookkeepers; laboratory assistants; art models; design models; carpenters; stenographers; mimeograph operators; barbers; painters; pie makers; sign painters; showcard painters; engravers; linotype operators; printers helpers; golfers; musicians, either piano or violin; bee-keepers; chauffeurs; house decorators; dancing school instructors; taxicab drivers; preachers in small country churches; dairy workers; coal miners; policemen; deputy sheriffs; clothes pressers; truck drivers; wood carvers; ivory carvers; engineers helpers in machine shops; ambulance drivers; undertakers helpers; and, lastly, grave-diggers.

Where there exists the will to work through college, there can always be found the way.

### *Little Jimmy*

BY FENG TU.

**L**ITTLE Jimmy had been reading *THE SIGN* and wondering what it was like to be in China. He was only six years old and spelling out words made him sleepy.

His brother had told him all about the Bobby Mite Box. Jimmy decided to write for one. (You had to draw lines on the envelope if you wanted the address to be straight.)

A mite box when filled with money was a very good thing for a missionary. He could buy bowls of rice with it for Chinese tiny tots.

When they had eaten they would be happy, and when they were happy they would sit still while the missionary told them stories about God and Heaven

and the saints.

Little Jimmy was thinking about all this as he sat on the grass in the garden.

Suddenly he was lifted right off his feet. Something like a hook had hitched itself inside his belt at the back.

Up, up, he went higher and higher. It made him feel dizzy at first, but he soon got used to it. His chief feeling was one of surprise.

When he got a glimpse of what was hooking him up in the air, he discovered it was an enormous bird like the pictures of eagles he had seen in books.

"Where am I? Where am I?" he called out in wonder. Then a strange thing happened. The bird spoke, actually *SPOKE* to him. The bird seemed to have a Brooklyn accent. Jimmy had an aunt living in Flatbush Avenue and she spoke like that. Maybe the bird hailed from there.

"Keep cool, Jimmy," said the bird, "no need to be afraid. We're going to China. You've often wondered what it was like in China, haven't you? We're going there. I won't let you fall."

Jimmy felt more comfortable when he heard this. It would be nice to see China. Everything would be all right. The bird had promised not to let him fall.

On, on they went, over fields and towns and large cities, then over the tops of giant mountains, and across valleys, over lakes and rivers, and across a wide ocean. It was just wonderful, wonderful.

At last they reached China and the bird flew down with Jimmy towards a little crowd sitting in a valley. Jimmy stood on solid ground again.

The bird flew into a tree near by to take a rest. Jimmy walked up to the little group.

They were all little Chinese children, and in the centre of them was a Passionist missionary. Jimmy recognised the long black cloak and the black badge, and the tall biretta which looked like a black crown. The missionary was telling the children he would be able to buy them some more rice now, as friends in America had sent him more money. They had filled up mite boxes with spare nickels and dimes for the tiny tots in China and so everybody would have something to eat.

The little boys and girls cheered and laughed and clapped their hands, and the missionary laughed and was happy too.

Jimmy felt quite happy too, and was just about to shout to the missionary "I'm going to fill up a mite box, too!"—when he awoke.

Jimmy had been sleeping.

Juniors, you are not sleeping, are you? No, I thought not. You will send for a mite-box right now, won't you? God will bless you.

# Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING SPIRITUAL BENEFITS:

**While Living:** One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholemew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 22, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 28, St. John, Evangelist

**After Death:** One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls' Day.

**Furthermore:** Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

Perpetual Membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

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PLEASE WRITE TO:

The Passionist Missionaries

Care of THE SIGN

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## The Latest from Paotsing

*Reds Plots and Moscow Propaganda*

THERE has been much fighting around Hankow. On the night of September 6, shells fell near the Passionist Procurator there and for a time threatened to destroy our building. Father Raphael Vance, C. P., has been there for a short time trying to get a little rest after the trying times through which he passed at this Mission last Spring.

Rice has been harvested but the crop was not nearly as good as was hoped. A large part of the rice crops were destroyed by a certain bug well known to rice growers. Corn and the sweet potato crops were good. So we have something for which to be thankful.

The Bolshevik army of Canton seems to be making a clean sweep of everything. They are bitterly opposed to Christianity and threaten to destroy it wherever they gain control. They are daily spreading their propaganda on the public streets. They are striving to convince the people that the Catholic Church and the Protestant Christians are bringing evil to the country. One large poster which I recently saw displayed along the high-

BY ANTHONY MALONEY, C. P.

way depicted a foreigner, supposedly a missionary: a Chinaman is shown with a rope around his neck and tied to a huge cross: the foreigner holds an uplifted sword as though about to slay the Chinaman: in the background is shown a Cantonese soldier advancing with fixed bayonet, acting the role of the deliverer.

Recently I received a copy of a letter sent by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Hengchow, a city of southern Hunan. Bishop Mondaini writes as follows:

"If you are suffering many hardships at the hands of the

soldiers in Shenchow, here in Hengchow they are altogether intolerable. We are daily insulted and thwarted by these Cantonese soldiers of the Red Army. Everywhere they are occupying our churches and houses. Seven of my most important foundations were seized and occupied by these degenerate soldiers for periods of varying duration. Some are still held. This has continued for over a month.

"Even this, my own residence, has been frequently commandeered sometimes for two, sometimes for three, and twice for ten days at a time. On each occasion it was by different transient corps of troops.

In order to save the Church at least from profanation it was necessary for me to cede to them the entire lower floor of my house including the refectory, and also the boys' and girls' school rooms. Even the granary had to be given them lest worse happen to us.

"These soldiers are fiends incarnate. They do not even show us the respect due common humanity, much less consideration of any kind. Our church has been closed. The Christians dare not approach this



A FORTUNATE TOT HAPPILY HOUSED AND FED

## THE † SIGN



A TYPICAL BEGGAR

sacred edifice without risking derision, threats and even death.

"The proposal of these soldiers is outrageous. If they are victorious they intend to seize all the Missions and appropriate all our property. If they are defeated they threaten to destroy all the Missions and kill all the missionaries. This latter they have actually done in Kwantung!

"For the first time in a month we have been free of soldiers in this house since yesterday but we expect them again tomorrow or the day after. The Dictator of Kwantung passed through here yesterday en route to Changsha. He has expressed his desire that the soldiers occupy the churches and Missions in preference to the Temples and public places. He has some Russians acting as his counsellors. Each division of his army is likewise counselled by Russians.

"What good can we hope for from these tribulations? The times are evil and we must multiply our prayers to God that He may not suffer the gates of hell to prevail against His Church."

Thanks be to God we have been spared from such persecution so far. But Bishop Mondaini is stationed just to the southwest of

our province and these Cantonese Red troops are already on our frontier. Our turn may not be far away.

After these soldiers have been in a house a few days a pig-pen is clean in comparison! This Canton army is everywhere stirring up trouble for England. It may yet end by England sending an army here to teach these Reds a lesson in good behavior and decency.

We earnestly beg the prayers of all, that God spare us and the poor Christians here with us. I wish to thank all those who so generously sent me donations for

### Subscribe!

*Where there is a will there is a way. If you cannot send us a donation for the Missions in China, send us a new subscription to The Sign. Every subscription to The Sign is a real help to the Missions. You can become a real Apostle of the Missions by securing subscriptions to The Sign. Will you do this act of zeal to-day? Ask your friends and acquaintances to subscribe.*

Famine Relief and I assure them that much has been done to alleviate the suffering here. This Mission which was burned down last May is rapidly progressing with the erection of a new building. Father Raphael Vance, C. P., who is the superior at this Mission, being absent at this time, cannot join me in thanking the thousands of friends who hastened to our aid by contributing to our new building fund. I know that he is deeply grateful for all this kindness and that those friends who have not as yet received a personal letter of thanks will surely hear from him just as soon as he returns to Paotsing. May God bless all our benefactors.

306

## Japan Seen and Heard

BY SISTER FLORENCE

THE SISTERS of St. Joseph and their many friends are no doubt eagerly awaiting some word from us. Just at present we are leaving the Inland Sea and entering the Yellow Sea. We are still enjoying the comforts of the S. S. President Wilson. All the members of our party are well and happy. We have been shown most considerate attention by all on board. In fact we have had one long enjoyable day ever since we boarded this steamer.

When we reached Japan we decided to disembark and see a little of the country. We reached port shortly past noonday and looked forward to leaving the vessel for the afternoon. But by the time we underwent the Government inspection and had our passport duly vised the evening closed upon us and our sightseeing had to be postponed. We remained on board that night but not to sleep. All night long the banging of boxes and crates, the noise of loading and unloading continued without cessation. The result was that we welcomed daylight.



OLD BUT STILL ON THE ROAD



## THE † SIGN



A HUMAN FERRY

Early the next day we put foot upon dry land and immediately set out to do some shopping at the Mission in Yokohama. We had dinner with the Sisters of St. Maur, who conduct a large grade and high school and a boarding school for foreign children.

It was very interesting to listen to the Sisters tell of their experiences during the earthquake of 1924. During this great catastrophe they suffered severely. All their buildings collapsed. Seven of the good Sisters were pinned beneath the ruins. All seven were burned to death when fire followed the quake. There were only twelve Sisters attached to the Mission. The Brothers of Mary had hard work to save the five survivors and some of the little orphans. Over twenty orphans were killed by the falling building or burned to death.

Tuesday we reached Tokyo. Here we were the guests of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. These Sisters also had interesting descriptions of their experiences during the earthquake. They, too, had lost all their buildings. Everything had collapsed, but not a life was lost. At the time of the disaster the Sisters were assembled in chapel before the Blessed Sacrament. Just as the first tremors

shook the building, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The Mother Superior immediately took the Blessed Sacrament and staggered from the crashing building. With the other Sisters following as best they could, she reached the top of a field. There she placed the Ostensorium upon a box. Immediately she knelt in prayer beseeching God to spare the ruins from fire. Their prayers were answered. All the old lumber was used in rebuilding the present residence. For fifteen days and nights, although it was the rainy season of the year, these Sisters had to remain out on the

distant mountains close to us in all their stately grandeur.

Our next stop was Shanghai. We decided that we must spend a few weeks there owing to the dangers besetting our path from here to Hankow. When we anchored there Father Paul Ubinger, C. P., and Father Quentin Olwell, C. P., were on hand to welcome us to China. These two Passionist Fathers have spent sometime in China and understand conditions here. They find it equally impossible to return to their Missions.

We are all anxious to reach the scene of our future home at the earliest possible moment. With the aid of the prayers of our many friends, please God it will not be long before we begin to take our part in the Foreign Mission Vineyard of the Lord.

\* \* \*

EDITOR'S NOTE: Later reports received from our latest band of Missionaries to China inform us that after a prolonged stay at Shanghai they decided to make a try for Hankow. They succeeded in reaching the Passionist Procurator in Hankow and after a short stay set out for the Mission Headquarters in Shenchow. All were still well and happy and had reached Changsha. We hope to have the interesting story of these travels very soon.

### *Renew!*

*Another way of helping Christ's Cause in China is by renewing your own subscription promptly. If all our subscribers would answer our first letter notifying them of the expiration of their subscription thousands of dollars now spent for postage and printing could be given to the Missions. Do not put off until tomorrow what can be done today. Renew your subscription now.*

field, the Blessed Sacrament always with them.

Our worst impressions of Japan were gathered the evening we travelled by train from Kyoto to Kobe. The train was stuffy, the windows all tightly closed. The Japanese made themselves quite at home by removing their shoes, and smoking cigarettes that smelled like anything but incense!

We again boarded the S. S. President Wilson at Kobe. As we sailed along today the scenery was, to me, the most beautiful I have witnessed during the entire voyage. Sail-boats by the score passed us. The clear atmosphere and the bright sun brought the



A CHINESE BONZE

## THE † SIGN



FAMINE VICTIM LATER REMOVED TO OUR LAZARETTO WHERE HE DIED.

AT THIS writing it is impossible to know what is going on in other parts of our Mission district. Much less do we know what is happening in our Procuracion in Hankow. Telegraphic communications are cut between this place and Hankow; our mails are long delayed, if indeed we really get all of it; travel is almost out of the question. I have not the slightest idea of what has been going on in Hankow during the last twenty days. I have no means of knowing just where the new band with the Sisters is situated.

Several of the Fathers have been in Hankow for sometime. This much I know: that from the first to the tenth day of this month (September) they witnessed harrowing scenes enough God knows. They were in no little danger themselves.

For all practical purposes Shenchow is, at present, further from Hankow than New York is from Rome. The political and military situation here is so uncertain that by the time a letter can reach Hankow and an answer return conditions may have completely changed.

So far we have not been molested. Reports from several stations say that the anti-foreign spirit is making itself felt. Propaganda is being disseminated and posters are displayed depicting the southern (Red) soldier as a liber-

## Shenchow

### Side Lights and Red Glare

BY CUTHBERT O'GARA, C. P.

ator of the people from the slavery of the foreigner, Protestant and Catholic. There are huge brigades of bandits both up and down river. The roads are impassable. For instance Father Theophane has been with us for some months. He came here for a rest and medical treatment. It is now impossible for him to return to his own Mission. The road by land and by water is absolutely blocked. Fathers Ernest and Godfrey are also here. They are waiting for a convoy which for months has been on its way from Changteh. The two Fathers intended to join this convoy in going up river. Who can say when it will arrive? This convoy is held up several days' journey down stream. There are many boxes of our supplies aboard the boats.

Last Thursday a party of Protestants on their way up from Changteh were making an attempt to catch up with the convoy when they were held up and robbed. Three of their party, a minister and two female evangelists, all

Americans, were taken into the hills as captives. On Sunday the head of the Lutheran Mission in Shenchow and their physician called here and told us the startling news. This incident would have had sufficient interest for us at any time. With the four Sisters of St. Joseph and the four Fathers with the Monsignor on their way here, this incident takes on a very serious aspect.

I do not know just what the Monsignor plans with regard to the journey of the new arrivals. I have, as remarked before, little or no information about conditions between Hankow and Changteh. I do know that the road between here and Changteh is impassable. I have tried to communicate with the Monsignor but whether or not I have succeeded in reaching him I do not know. I trust my warnings reach him in time.

The plight of three of our experienced missionary Fathers now in Hankow gives us grave worry. Fathers Raphael, Paul and Quentin are badly needed in their own Missions. But how they will ever succeed in returning I could not even venture an opinion. One can no more forecast conditions in China than one can predict the weather here. The one is as uncertain as the other. Today is only September 29, yet the air is miserably cold. It is just as likely as not that tomorrow I shall have to use my sun-helmet. So too with the political barometer. It is forever going up and down.

When my own band came from Hankow to Shenchow two years ago we arrived here in record time. There was not a hitch. We had hardly arrived when everything changed. The district was overrun by invading armies and marauding bandits. Later when the Sisters of Charity came over the same route from Hankow to Shenchow it took them as many months as we travelled days. God alone knows when the Sisters of St. Joseph might reach here.

Father Anthony, I believe, tells about Bishop Mondaini's letter. Bishop Mondaini is the Vicar Apostolic of Hengchow. His

## THE † SIGN

# Lungshan

## The Crimson Menace

BY CONSTANTINE LEECH, C. P.

Vicariate adjoins our prefecture on the southeast. The capital of this Province of Hunan is situated in his Vicariate. The route taken by the Cantonese in their recent drive on Wuchang lay through Bishop Mondaini's district. The point of his letter lies in the fact that the territory is so close to our own and that the Kweichow troops, who are now in control of our entire district, are allies of the Cantonese Reds. The Kweichow troops have joined hands with the Reds in their drive on to Hankow.

So far we have been able to live on pretty good terms with the Generals and the men. I have, ne out of my way to be nice to our resident General because I have an eye on the up-coming journey of the new band of Sisters and priests. If the southerners are defeated and this mob must retreat—May God protect us!

I cannot close this without at least a few words of heartfelt thanks to our good benefactors who have sent me their donations for the famine-stricken. I have striven to do all that was possible with the money sent us. God alone knows the great charity that has been made possible through the generosity of our American friends. May He bless, those who have helped to feed these poor people in Shenchow.

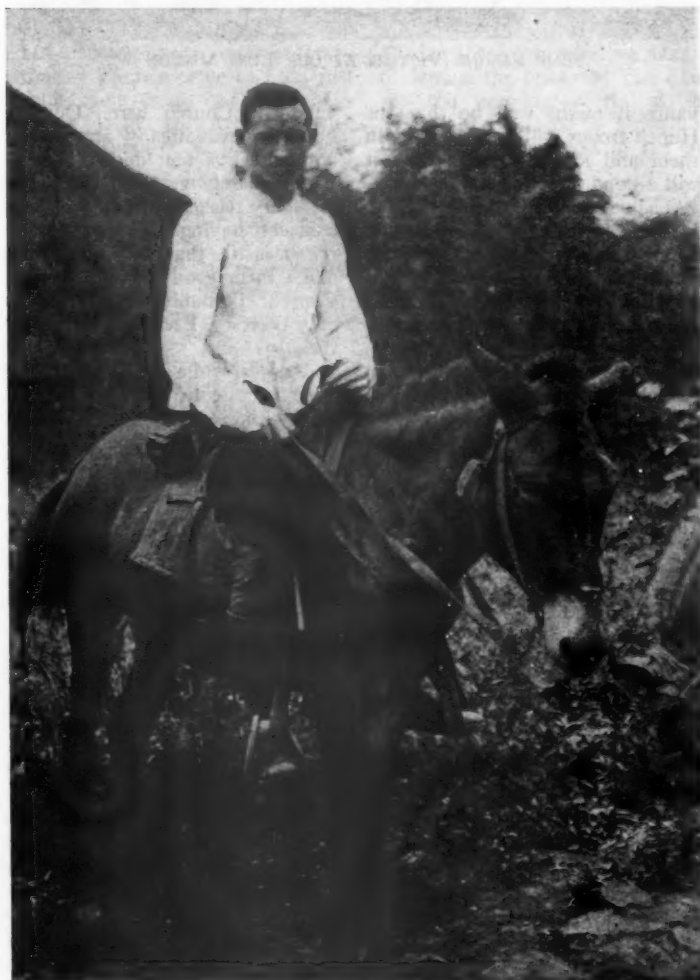
### Friendships

*Friendship is an oddity in life. We meet someone, chat for a time, exchange our ideas and we count a new friend. At any rate that is what the average man and woman would call a friendship.*

*"A friend in need is a friend indeed!" The Passionist Missionaries are the friend in need. How many of our readers will be the friend indeed? The Passionist Missionaries are Christ's friends. To befriend them is to befriend Christ Himself. There are souls in China whose salvation depends upon your friendship with Christ and His representatives. Are you a friend of Christ? Christ deigns to need your help in preaching His Sacred Passion to the pagans of China. Do not forsake Him in His need. Friendship is an oddity in life. Is Christ an acquaintance of yours or a true Friend? Surely you will help Him!*

quiet with all kinds of disturbing rumors. Some say that the enemy will follow him here and that open hostilities will begin at almost any minute. If they come here they must either make a stand here or retreat into the Province of Hupeh. Reports have it that the Hupeh troops will not permit this army to cross the provincial frontiers.

As a matter of fact, troops from Hupeh have come here to protect this city from attack and to repulse an invasion of Hupeh by the Red troops from the South. But one never knows where to place confidence. Should the enemy ad-



FATHER ANTHONY MALONEY, C. P. RETURNS TO HIS MISSION AFTER A TIRESOME JOURNEY



## THE † SIGN



SOME FAMINE VICTIMS AT OUR LUKI MISSION

vance it might well be that the Hupeh troops will join hands with them and loot the city. How it will all end it is impossible to say.

Thanks be to God the Church in these parts has so far escaped annoyance owing to its policy to mind its own business and not meddle in political affairs. Now we are on the best of terms with all the Generals.

We are hoping and trusting in Divine Providence to protect us in the event of a battle here. This city is on a hill and it is walled in on all sides. It is, therefore, an ideal place for an army to hold in the event of a siege. The outlook is that if the other troops advance as far as Lungshan, the troops here now will remain and fight it out. Lungshan promises to be in for some hard times.

As I remarked in a former letter, the Lungshan Mission is a recent foundation. The city is a little smaller than the city of Shenchowfu and is three days' mule-riding from that city. It is at the extreme north of our territory in Hunan and only four miles from the frontiers of the Province of Hupeh. This is the first time a priest has reached this city and, as I remarked before, I am the first white man many of the inhabitants have ever seen.

So far I have been making progress even though very slowly. The people appear to be glad to

have the Church here. Quite a number have already applied for admission to our doctrine class. Unfortunately many of them give me every reason to think that they consider having their names enrolled is all that is necessary to make them good members of the Church. Probably this will be the only occasion I shall see many of them.

After a while we hope to get them coming to the church regularly. Every beginning is difficult and this beginning is no exception. It is God's own work and we simply must succeed. Conditions made it necessary for me to take a small house a little distance from the main street. This, I think, is one reason why many stay away from the doctrine classes and more do not drop in to ask questions. But we had to rent any place that was available and thank God that we have a roof over our heads.

We are wretchedly poor. We have no such luxury as a school and the house we have can hardly be called even a poor home. We have practically nothing. My bed is a door placed on two wooden horses. Even these I had to borrow. The altar is likewise a borrowed door placed on some sort of an improvised stand—also borrowed. But I am trying to get things into shape and striving my utmost to give the place the ap-

pearance of a real Mission Station. If I only had the money!! I do not grow discouraged at the circumstances. But I feel sure that could some of our wealthy American Catholics witness the work we are doing here and see the accomplishments of the Passionist Fathers wherever they have founded a Station, they would readily help us and help us generously. Oh, if those who possess this world's goods could only realize what an opportunity is theirs! Why build monuments that will crumble to dust long before the Judgment Trumpet sounds when the same money could help save souls that will live with their benefactors forever in the Kingdom of Heaven! God be praised for the aid we have received in the past and may God bless those who have not failed us.

## Ransom!

BY CUTHBERT O'GARA, C. P.

**I**N LAST evening I received the following letter from the Evangelical Church Mission in this city:—

Dear Father Cuthbert,

Your note of inquiry just received. We are glad to let you know that substantial progress has been made. The arrangement now is that the captives are to be released one by one as a certain sum is placed in a given location. The amount to be paid is not excessive.

About noon today the money was taken down river per boat. The three missionaries should be liberated soon after the party gets down. It will take about two and one half days for their return boat to get back here. They may be here in Shenchow by next Tuesday. It was two weeks ago last Thursday, when they were captured.

Thanking you for your kind sympathy, I am,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) Theodore L. C. Suhr.

Just what the per capita ransom may be I have not heard as



## THE † SIGN

### Luki

#### *A Tribute to Shenchow*

BY WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C. P.

yet. I would guess \$5000.00. The whole city knew yesterday that the Protestants were sending money down river. Transactions like these must be paid in silver dollars and the transfer of large amounts of money is no little burden. Everyone saw the carriers lugging the heavy boxes to the river bank and putting two and two together quickly surmised the reason. There are no secrets in China. It will not be long before we have all the details.

The significance of this event is this: the success of the bandits in collecting the ransom is going to make it very hard for all travelers to come up the Yuan River. Naturally after this highly successful venture the bandits in this district will be emboldened to try their hand again. It puts a price on our own heads.

IT is mighty difficult to find time in which to write about our experiences here in China. Since I arrived at this Mission in Luki I have had plenty to do and the day always seems too short in which to do all that must be done.

In ordinary times our moments of leisure would be few and far between. At present we are not passing through ordinary times but altogether extraordinary times. Famine came to Luki just as it came to all our other Missions. It left us surrounded with dead and dying. It found us with

a limited supply of rice which we frantically tried to make go as far as possible in feeding the victims of hunger who daily thronged about the Mission door.

During the early part of the famine I was called to our headquarters in Shenchow and had I not been called back to my own little portion of the vineyard so unexpectedly I had fully intended to write from there regarding the great work being done.

If the divinity of the Catholic Church's teaching is to be brought home to the people of China, surely it is going to be done through the power of good example and by Christ-like charity. During these heartrending months of famine the passersby can daily see the untiring efforts of the Priests and Sisters in Shenchow. On the highways and in the by-

**N**O DOUBT you are looking forward to Christmas with its appealing Babe of the Manger. Ever stop to think that the characteristic pose of the tiny Christ Child is its wee, widespread arms? This pose is characteristic of Christ's whole life. Later when they nailed Him to the Cross His arms could be stretched no wider. This pose symbolizes in the Manger what it symbolizes on the Cross—the burning love that filled His Sacred Heart that would embrace the whole world.

You have known His embrace as He came to you in the Sacrament of His love. But others, millions of them, have never known His appealing gesture as a Babe. Much less have these millions known of His all-embracing arms upon the Cross of Redemption. At His crib on Christmas you will not forget to beg His blessing upon our work in China, will you? And you really intend to give the Christ Child of the Missions a present on His birthday, don't you? The Divine Babe will be pleased with your humblest offering.



WELL FED BY THE MISSIONARIES

## THE † SIGN



A CHINESE "PUSHCART" ROW. VENDERS ALONG THE STREETS

ways; through alleys reeking with filth and abounding in nauseating odors; in hovels of indescribable dirtiness; under the white piercing rays of the Eastern sun, undaunted and untiringly these angels of mercy, priests and sisters alike, carried on their heroic work of the Lord.

I have seen them bending over pitiable specimens of suffering humanity whom the worms and vermin were already disputing their individual rights to devour. I have heard them whispering words of motherly affection and paternal encouragement into the fast failing ears of the agoni-

zing. I have watched them allaying the parched throats and blistering lips of men and women burning with the fever of death. I have heard them telling of a Crucified God and of His love for men. Time and again have I seen their hands pouring on willing heads the sin effacing waters of Baptism. All this and more I witnessed during my brief stay in our central mission.

Even now several thousand famished men, women and children are daily receiving a generous portion of the much coveted rice, and numberless works of mercy are hourly performed.

Perhaps, at times, it is hard for the poor starving pagans to fully understand the terms used in the explanation of our holy religion. But the Christ-like kindness shown them is proof-sufficient that what is told them is true. As a rule, once they have known and understood this loyal charity they are eager to know more and to be washed in the waters of Baptism.

It is far from my intention to even insinuate that this same work is not being done in all our Missions. Unfortunately I never get to the other Missions. But whether I see it or not I know that this same noble work is going on in the district of every Passionist in China. Glowing accounts are no longer rare. From all sides arise the praise of the Passionists in China.

I feel sure that it will add joy to the hearts of the readers of *The Sign* to learn that this work is going on chiefly because they have been kind to us at all times and have never failed us in our needs. How happy and satisfied would our American benefactors be could they see for themselves the good effects of their generous benefactions. We can never forget these generous friends. Not a day passes without a remembrance of them in our Masses and prayers.



QUEEN OF THE APOSTLES, PRAY FOR OUR MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

## THE † SIGN

### *The Missionary's Portion*

BY PAUL UBINGER, C. P.

**A**FTER three months of genuine recuperation at Kuling, Kiangsi with the Irish Fathers of St. Columban, both Father Quentin and I are new men.

We met Monsignor Langenbacher and the new band with the Sisters at their arrival at Shanghai on September 25. They are all safe and happy. And now we are on our way to Hankow, hoping that we will be able to keep on going and get past the 'Reds' of Canton. These Cantonese Reds are fighting all along the line stretching from Hankow to Canton, in Eastern Hunan and in Southern Hupeh. I think we can get through—I hope we succeed.

I wish I had a gifted pen with which to describe some of my experiences and opinions. There are still many ideas and phases of our missionary work in China that have not been brought home to our American friends. A clearer knowledge and understanding would give a better picture of our work in the land of bandits and Field Marshals.

At present our fight does not seem to be so much against the

*Would you consider a worthwhile investment? What about this: "Give, and it shall be given unto you, pressed down and overflowing." Do you know who it is that is offering this inducement? He who said: "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall not pass away." He knew true values.*

*Recently a gentleman sent us a check for a hundred dollars. In his letter he informed us that this was an investment. Whenever he wanted something he made such an investment and always received at least twice the amount of his sacrifice in return.*

*A week later we received another letter with a healthy check. This time he was giving in thanksgiving. He had narrowly escaped death in an auto accident. And, as he remarked, his life was worth far more than a hundred times what he had donated to the Missions.*

*Give to the Missions. It is a good investment.*

powers of darkness as it is against the petty Generals who own half the nation at large by means of their self-owned and self-disciplined robber-troops. But even if I had the gift of a writer, which I haven't, it would be impossible to give an exact word picture of our Missions. Our life amongst the Chinese, the work we do, is as different from that in the U. S. A. as China is distant from the States. To understand what it means to live night and day, always in a mountainous wilderness, where Paganism is the religion, where Confusionism rather than Confucianism seems to be the form of military and civil government, where the survival of the fittest is the norm of social life, where commerce, travel and home-life are carried on in the same primitive manner as in the time of Confucius, where the rain rains harder and the sun beats hotter, where the cold penetrates and the heat suffocates and where drought not only parches but starves man to death; I say, to understand what it means, to live and work in a place like this, a word picture of it is not enough, one simply must experience it oneself.

On the other hand to understand what it is that attracts us to this place and keeps us here,



ONE TYPE OF HUTS ERECTED BY THE CHINESE IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS

## THE † SIGN

one must also experience the joy, peace and contentment that is ours. The people we have left behind on the other side of the globe simply cannot imagine the peace and contentment we enjoy by becoming a real brother to the Chinese by being Chinese to the Chinese, by living their life and speaking their language and understanding them, and lastly, by suffering with them. A peace loving people they are, driven into a state of desperate suffering by the chaotic conditions of their country. And all this misery is mainly the result of strife and discord amongst their own militaristic national leaders, who continue to cherish their own selfish ambitions, each striving to raise more and more bandit-soldiers who will fight only when there is a chance to loot and plunder.

I say, we enjoy a peace and contentment to live with the poor mountaineers, farmers in our district, understanding their misery and helping them in hundreds of ways suggested by the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. Nobody can realize what the joys of our holy religion mean to us out in a strange, foreign, pagan land. Neither can they understand the inexplicable happiness we have of imparting these same joys to God's own chosen ones amongst the natives. What consolation is ours to continue in

### Gemma's League

Gemma's League is a pious association under the patronage of Gemma Galgani, a wonderfully holy girl who, we hope, will soon be raised to the honors of the Altar. In her humble and suffering life she carried on a remarkable apostolate of prayer. Members of this association offer prayers, sacrifices and good works for the success of the Passionist missions in China. If you wish to join the League, please write to THE SIGN.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY

The following prayers and good works were offered for the missions in China during October.

Masses read	3
Masses heard	21,188
Holy Communions	10,264
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament	49,191
Spiritual Communions	161,453
Benediction Services	7,193
Sacrifices and Sufferings	127,792
Stations of the Cross	6,586
Visits to the Crucifix	71,354
Beads of the Five Wounds	4,104
Offerings of P. P. Blood	3,106,045
Visits to Our Lady	13,511
Rosaries	31,487
Beads of Seven Dolors	23,263
Ejaculatory Prayers	4,282,371
Hours of Study, Reading	27,515
Hours of Labor	41,618
Acts of Kindness, Charity	25,109
Acts of Zeal	20,477
Prayers, Devotions	484,488
Hours of Silence	5,076
Holy Hours	800
Hours of Divine Office	16,206
Litanies	1,631
Various Works	187,587

good health and even to make progress though but slowly degree by degree, amidst the uncivilized primitive surroundings of our new permanent home in China.

Always and without ceasing we are at home. This in itself means to be happy. The Chinese, their philosophy, customs and language have had a telling effect upon me. I am beginning to believe that I am half Chinese myself. It is a great life as long as the Lord grants us the health to continue the work and the courage to forge ahead in spite of numerous hardships. Thank God, I am now recovered after the rest I have had in the Kuling Mountains. I hope and pray that before the readers of The Sign see these lines, that I shall have had the added happiness of being again at my own beloved Mission.

In the midst of many and varied charitable activities so much in demand here it is almost impossible to answer my many friends in the States. Rest assured that my heart is still in the same place. I appreciate all that my American friends are doing to help me. As time is given me I hope to write those to whom I owe letters. But just when that will be, I cannot say. Meantime, forgive me for my apparent neglect and pray for me and for the success of our work here in my new home land of China.

### "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7. 39.)

**K**INDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

SISTER MARY OF ST. LERNARD  
SISTER MARCOLINA  
SISTER M. CONSTANTINE  
SISTER SAMUELLA  
SISTER MARIE de JESUS  
WILLIAM FITZGERALD  
JOHN H. COONEY  
JOHN O'CONNOR  
WILLIAM C. LYONS  
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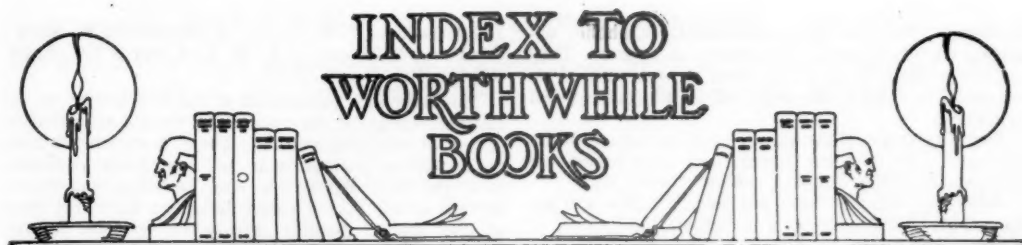
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JOHN HANNIGAN  
A. C. LAVERTY  
CATHERINE MAHER  
ELLEN CONLIN  
JAMES P. FITZGIBBONS  
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MR. HEYEN  
IDA TYRAS

**M**AY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.





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**SACRED ELOQUENCE**, by Charles Schultz, M. A., LL.D. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md. Price: \$2.00.

The Professor of Sacred Eloquence at St. Francis' Seminary, Loretto Pa., offers to seminarians an up-to-date text-book on pulpit oratory, the study of which ought to arouse their zeal to fit themselves to the very best of their ability to become worthy heralds of the gospel of Christ. There are ten lectures contained within the covers of this book. Nine of them are devoted to the science of eloquence, that the seminarian may learn its definition, rules, and principles. The tenth chapter is given over to analytical sermon plans illustrative of the preceding lectures. The author has constant recourse to the sermons and lectures of Cardinal Newman. No better model could be selected for tyros to bring out the necessary qualities of every discourse,—clearness, interest, and force, with the precaution, however, that his academic style must be transformed into a more popular one for American audiences.

If our priests-in-the-making assimilate the doctrine of this manual, and put its precepts into practice, they will go far to stop the mouths of those of the faithful who are ever asking, (sometimes not without reason, it must be admitted)—"what is the matter with our priests? They never seem to be able to preach a really good sermon."

**ACTS OF THE APOSTLES** (Catholic Scripture Manuals), by Madame Cecilia. Benziger Bros. Price: \$3.00. **I CANTI DIVINI**, P. Domenico M. Tricerri, O. P. Marietti, (Turin). L. 20.

Teachers and students of Sacred Scripture will welcome this latest of the Catholic Scripture Manuals. In format and typography it is admirable. The type is nicely varied according to the relative importance of the matter. Throughout both Latin and English texts are given in parallel columns. When beneficial the translation has been compared with the original Greek. The volume is divided into Books 1 and 11. The exegetical work is thorough, in so far as it attains the end for which the book is intended, viz., Catholics pursuing higher studies. The sections named, "Additional Notes," and "Side-lights on the Acts," are brimful of interest. References are made to authoritative Catholic exegetes, and reliable Non-Catholic sources. An atlas, covering the entire series, is published separately.

Only too true, we fear, is the reproach cast upon Catholics by out-siders, that they are unfamiliar with the bible. While a Catholic has an infallible Church to guide him, and he is not obliged to have recourse to the Scriptures, (the last stand of those who believe in the "bible alone"), nevertheless, the living teacher is

only one part of that Catholic rule of faith. Such rule does not exclude Scripture. It includes it, together with Tradition, as part of the rule of faith. A deeper and more appreciative interest in the Book of Books among Catholics is a desideratum devoutly to be wished. "The Acts" of Madame Cecilia will be a valuable aid to this consummation. Attention is called to the very effective manner in which the reverend author illustrates the doctrine of Christ in the passages of the Acts. In this way the student is made to see the flowering of that seed of doctrine which Jesus preached in the history of the first age of Christianity.

Italian moderns are doing their share of labor to make the reading of Holy Scripture more popular. **I CANTI DIVINI** is a paper bound, octavo volume of 428 pages. The author's scope is two-fold: first, to render accessible the treasures of biblical poetry; secondly, to present his subject in a thoroughly scientific form. In our opinion he has succeeded admirably well. This first volume is concerned with the historical poetry of the Old Testament, and in particular the Psalms of David. The method of treatment consists of an appropriate introduction to each poem, its translation into Italian verse, and a lucid commentary. Those who read Italian will find this book very helpful towards acquiring a more accurate knowledge of the inspired poems. We express the hope that such a valuable book may be translated in English.

**AMERICAN CARDINAL READERS**; a Pre-Primer, edited by Edith M. McLaughlin, and Sister Mary Ambrose, O. S. D., A. M.; illustrated by Martin F. Gleason. Books Seven and Eight, edited by T. Adrian Curtis, A. B. LL. B., Sister Mary Gertrude, A. M., Convent Station, N. J., and Arthur H. Quinn, Ph. D., Litt. D. Price \$ .96, Benziger Bros.

The simplicity of the sentences of the Pre-Primer and the interesting pictures are well adapted to usher the little one through the first stages of the art of reading.

The cultivation of youthful tastes in the matter of literature is a problem of fundamental import. Early impressions are lasting influences upon the future. Books Seven and Eight of the series merit high praise and earnest recommendation, as factors which will help greatly towards the solution of this problem. As the editor remarks, the purpose of reading is to seek enlightenment, inspiration, consolation. We feel confident that these books will not only serve this three-fold purpose now, but will be conducive towards cultivating an intelligent and enthusiastic appetite for the best in literature which will stand the pupil in good stead in the after years. The selections are such as will foster, also, a hearty co-operation with the teacher. They are a very judicious choice from the best in

## THE † SIGN

literature. They are not predominantly Catholic; adherents of other creeds are allowed to appear. They are nicely disposed so as to cover the relations of an individual to God, to his neighbor, to his country, and to nature.

THE TEACHER'S MANUAL will be of assistance to the professor. It contains summarized information on each selection, the occasion, author, theme, etc.

These two volumes have our sincere praise and indorsement. Volume Nine is in preparation.

THE EUCHARISTIC RENAISSANCE, by Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P. Macmillan Co., New York. Price: \$2.00.

At the time of the Chicago International Eucharistic Congress newspapers and periodicals teemed with information of the magnificent event. Capable Catholics were in many instances the authors of the columns and articles. However, these news sheets left untouched much desirable data regarding Eucharistic Congress in general. Fr. Schwertner's account of their origin, scope, and history is well written and very impressive. The birth of the idea in France at a time when that nation was sadly in need of grand external acts of faith and reparation; the multitudinous vicissitudes experienced before the idea matured into a reality; the splendid manifestations of faith in the Eucharistic Presence,—all form an interesting and inspiring story. The clergy especially will find this work worth having in their libraries. Unfortunately the book lacks an index.

CEREMONIAL OF THE CHURCH: For the Use of the Catholic Churches in the United States of America. Ninth Edition. Revised by Rev. W. Car-

roll Milholland, S. S., Master of Ceremonies, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Price: \$3.00.

The Baltimore Ceremonial is too well known to the reverend clergy of the country to require an extensive review of this ninth edition. The new edition has been revised in accordance with the New Code of Canon Law, the New Missal, the New Breviary, and recent decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It aims at the closest possible fidelity to approve Roman custom. For that reason the present volume should prove acceptable to the clergy. It is nicely bound in black cloth, with gold title and gold emblem stamped on the front cover.

VADEMECUM. Tenth edition. By a Pius Author. Translated by M. S. Pine, Georgetown Visitation Convent. J. P. Daleiden Co., Chicago, Ill. Price \$0.35.

The Life of Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero has made a profound impression on many souls, both inside and outside the religious life. This volume (prefaced by a brief account of Sister Benigna's life by her confessor) contains the prayers used by her in making the Stations of the Cross, and in performing the other exercises common to the religious life. Her practical reflections on the Sacred Host; her words on love, humility, highest perfection, confidence, and mercy; her pious practises during Lent and the month of May; her method of recalling the mysteries of the rosary; her maxims and thoughts on holiness of life,—all these make interesting and profitable spiritual reading for souls who are striving to attain a more than ordinary sanctity.

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We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

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**ASSETS**

U. S. Government Bonds . .	\$342,215.94
State, County and City Bonds .	281,257.30
Railroad Bonds and other	
Stocks and Bonds . . .	1,296,633.01
First Mortgages on Real Estate .	2,125,747.85
Loans and Notes Purchased . .	1,318,985.43
Cash on Hand and in Banks . .	288,584.32
Accrued Interest Receivable . .	69,437.68
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	83,001.00
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Surplus and Undivided Profits .	225,064.51
Unearned Discount . . . . .	4,518.91
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*Christmas Gifts*

What shall we give? As a rule we don't worry much about what we are to receive at Christmas. But we do worry about what we are to give. We are afraid that we may overlook someone, or that our gift will not be appropriate or acceptable.

In making out the list of those to whom you will give presents, don't overlook our Lord Himself. It's His birthday, and He should not be forgotten. You can honor Him and remember Him by helping those famine-stricken in China whose dire poverty recalls the poverty of the Infant Christ.

Whatever you give in Christ's name will be acceptable to Him. He is so big that He can stoop to receive the smallest favor. Just send your gift to The Passionist Missionaries, care of The Sign, Union City, N. J., and it shall be forwarded to China at once.

*Would You?* Of course, you would! What I mean is this: If you had been living in Bethlehem on the first Christmas Eve you would gladly have given food and shelter to Joseph, and Mary with the unborn Christ. They were strangers; and their poverty concealed their greatness. To all appearances they were nobodies. Yet what a privilege to have housed Joseph and Mary! Surely someone lost a glorious opportunity of befriending the Infant Christ when He so sorely needed a bit of ordinary human kindness!



Photo from Ben Hur

THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN

Will you give something—anything—for the relief of the famine victims of our mission district in China. To us they are strangers. But they are known to Christ, redeemed by His Blood. Their very poverty brings them into closer resemblance to Him, and gives us an opportunity of doing Him a personal service, since He regards as done for Himself whatever we do for these His least brethren. Please send your donations at once to: The Passionist Missionaries, care of The Sign, Union City, N. J.

*Will You?*



